The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A GIFT OF ROSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

The flowers you gave me yesternight,
Those roses of crimson and fairy white,
As they pour perfume on the morning breeze,
They whisper to me of a heart at ease.
Oh, beautiful roses—
Hasten to twine
Your tranquil life
In this soul of mine.

Those roses in white and crimson sheen,
Encircled by leaves of golden green,
Have been kissed by the lips of angels bright,
As they whispered their love in the soft moonlight.
The subtle tints of
Their leaves disclose
The blushes that on
My love's cheeks repose.

No ruby's flash nor diamond's glare
Can with the sweet breath of these buds compare;
Nor delicate pearls from the foaming sea,
With the gift that my darling brought for me.
May your life, sweet girl,
Be as free from care
As the rose that so near
To my heart I wear.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Nothing of late years had affected Mr. North so much as the death of Bessy Rane. The calamity of his son Edmund's death, encompassed though it was by the doubt and trouble connected with the anonymous letter, did not touch him as this did. Perhaps he had been unconscious until now how very dear Bessy was to his heart.

"Why should Bessy have died?" he asked over and over again in his deep distress, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "*She* was not starved; *she* had plenty of stamina to meet it. They had been calling it a famine fever, some of them, but why should a famine fever attack *her*? I know she was exposed to danger, her husband coming home continually from his fever patients; but if she did take it, why should she not have got over it? Others get over it, many of them, most of them; who have not half the strength or the good constitution that Bessy had. And why, why did she die so soon?"

No one could answer him. Not even Dr. Rane. Fever was capricious; attacking badly or lightly at its will, the latter said. And death was capricious, he added in a lower tone, often seizing upon those whom we most care to save.

Dallory in general echoed Mr. North's sentiments. The death of Mrs. Rane—or Bessy North, as many had always continued to call her—was the greatest shock that had fallen on them since the outbreak of the fever. Mrs. Gass, braving infection—but, like Jelly, she did not fear it—went down to Dr. Rane's house on the Monday morning, to express her sympathy, and relieve herself of some of her surprise. She felt much grieved, she was truly shocked: Bessy had always been a favorite of hers; it seemed impossible to realize the fact that she was dead. Her mental arguments ran very much as did Mr. North's spoken ones—Why should Bessy, well-fed, well-nourished, have died, when so many half-starved ones recovered? But the point that pressed most forcibly on Mrs. Gass was the quickness of the death. None had died so soon after seizure as Bessy; or anything like so soon: it seemed unaccountable that she should not have battled longer for life.

Phillis received Mrs. Gass in the darkened drawing-room; her master was out. Dr. Rane could not stay indoors to indulge his grief and play propriety, as most men can; danger and death were abroad, and the physician had to go forth and try to avert both from others, in accordance with his duty to heaven and to man. That he felt his loss keenly, people saw: there was no outward demonstration of it, neither sighs nor tears; but he seemed like a man upon whom some heavy weight had fallen; his manner preoccupied, his bearing almost unnaturally still and calm. Phillis and Mrs. Gass were talking; and, if truth must be told, crying together, when the doctor came in. Phillis, standing by the centre table, had been giving the particulars of the death, so far as she knew them, just as she had given them to Jelly the morning after. Mrs. Gass, seated in the green velvet chair, had untied the strings of her black bonnet—for she had not come down in satins and birds-of-paradise to-day, but in respectful black—and was wiping her eyes with her broad-hemmed handkerchief while she listened.

The old servant retired at the entrance of her master. He took a seat, and prepared to go through the interview with equanimity, though he heartily wished Mrs. Gass anywhere else. His house was desolate; infected also: he thought that visitors, for their own sake and his, had better keep away. They had not met since the death: and Mrs. Gass, though the least exacting woman in the world, took it a little unkindly that he had not been in, knowing he passed her house several times in the day.

In a subdued tone, in accordance with the closed blinds and perhaps with his own heart, Oliver Rane gave to Mrs. Gass a summary of Bessy's illness and death. He had done all he could to keep her in life, he said; all he could. Seeley had come over to see her once or twice, and knew that nothing more had remained in his power.

"But, doctor, I heard say that on the Friday you told people she was getting better and the danger was over," urged Mrs. Gass, with a sob.

"And I thought it was so," he answered. "What I took to be sleepiness from the exhaustion left by the fever, and what Seeley took to be sleepiness—fatigued nature taking rest to renovate itself—must have been the exhaustion of approaching death. We are deceived thus sometimes."

"But, doctor, she never had but a day's fever. Was that enough to kill her from exhaustion?"

"She had a day and a night. But consider how strong the fever was: I never before saw anything like it. We must not always estimate the duration of a fever, Mrs. Gass, in regard to the effect on the patient, so much as its power. I'm sure the shock and surprise to me—speaking only as shock and surprise—were worse than they could have been to any one else."

Yes, Mrs. Gass believed that, and warmly sympathized with him. She then expressed a wish to see the coffin. "Would it be well for her to go up?" he asked. "Oh dear yes," Mrs. Gass answered, "she was not afraid of anything;" and the doctor took her up without further hesitation. There was not much danger now, if any, he observed, as he pulled aside the sheet—which still hung there, saturated—for her to enter the gray room. He had fumigated the place well.

Every thing was completed. Hepburn's men had been to and fro, and all was finished. The outer coffin was covered with black cloth, bearing the inscription on the lid. Mrs. Gass's eyes fairly gushed out tears as she read it.

"BESSY RANE.
AGED 31."

"But you have never put the date of the death, doctor?" cried Mrs. Gass, the omission striking her.

"No? True. That's Thomas Hepburn's fault: I left it to him. The man is half crazed just now, what with grief for his brother and fear for himself. It will be put on the grave."

From Dr. Rane's Mrs. Gass went to Dallory Hall, knowing Madam was absent. Otherwise she'd not have ventured there. And never was guest more welcome to its master. Poor Mr. North spoke out to her all his grief for Bessy, weeping bitterly.

But, of all the people who felt this death, none were affected by it like Jelly. She could not rest; day and night wild thoughts tormented her. That idea, at first picked up, kept floating through her head, and sometimes she could not get it out for hours, that Mrs. Rane had been shut into her coffin alive; that what she saw was *herself*, and not her spirit—and this, in spite of the discrepancy as to time and possibility. But Jelly knew that this could not be: and her imagination would go out to another wild improbability, though she did not dare to follow it—that the poor lady had not died a natural death. One night there came surging into Jelly's brain the suppositious case put by Timothy Wilks—that some men might be found who would put their wives out of the way for the sake of getting the Tontine money. Jelly tossed from side to side in her uneasy bed, and stared at the candle—for she no longer cared to sleep in the dark—and tried to get rid of the wicked notion. But she never got rid of it again: and when she rose in the morning, pale, and trembling, and weary, she believed that the dread mystery had solved itself to her, and would be found in *this*.

What ought she to do? Going about that day like one in a dream, moping here, baiting there, the question perpetually presented itself. Jelly was at her wits' end with indecision: one time (chiefly at night) she'd resolve to tell of the apparition, and of her suspicion of Dr. Rane; by day she would fling the ideas from her, and call herself a fool for yielding to them. Dinah could not make out what ailed her, she was so strange and dull, but privately supposed it might be the state of Mr. Timothy Wilks. For that gentleman was confined to his bed with some attack connected with the liver.

The day of the funeral drew on. Wednesday. It had been a little retarded to allow of the return for it of Richard North. News had been received of him the morning after Bessy's death. It may readily be imagined what Richard's consternation and grief must have been to hear of his sister's death; whom he so recently left well, and happy, and as likely to live as he was.

The funeral was fixed for twelve o'clock. Richard only arrived the same morning at ten. He had been delayed twelve hours by the state of the sea, the Ostend boat not putting out. One cannot control wind and weather: and sometimes they act for us—as we think—in a spirit of contrariety. Jelly, in the feeling of superstition that lay upon her, thought the elements had been conspiring to keep Richard North back from following one to the grave who had not been sent to it by Heaven.

Long before twelve o'clock struck, groups had formed about the churchyard. The men, out on strike, and their wives were there in force; partly because it was a break to their monotonous idleness, partly out of respect to their many-years master. The whole neighborhood sincerely regretted Bessy Rane; she had never made an enemy in her life.

In the church people of the better class assembled fast, all wearing mourning. Mrs. Gass was in her pew, in an upright bonnet and crape flowers. Seeing Jelly come in, looking very woe-begone, she hospitably opened the pew door to her. And this was close upon the entrance of the funeral.

The first to make his appearance was Thomas Hepburn in his official capacity; quite as woe-begone as Jelly and more sickly. The rest followed. The coffin, which Mrs. Gass had seen the other day, and touched, was placed on its stand; for the few last words of this world. Dr. Rane, as white as a sheet; and Mr. North, leaning on his son Richard's arm, comprised the followers. No strangers were invited; Dr. Rane thought, considering what Bessy had died of, they might not care to attend. People wondered whether Captain Bohun had been bidden to it. If so, he certainly had not come.

It seemed but a few minutes, before they were moving out of the church again. The grave had been dug in the churchyard corner, near to Edmund North's; and he, as may be remembered, lay next his mother. Mrs. Gass and Jelly took their seats on a remote bench, equally removed from the ceremony and the crowd. The latter stood at a respectful distance, not caring, from various considerations, to go too near. Not a word had the two women as yet spoken to each other. The bench they sat on was low, and over-shadowed by the trees that bordered the narrow walk. Not ten people in the churchyard were aware that anybody sat there. Jelly was the first to break the silence.

"How white he looks."

It was rather abrupt; as Mrs. Gass thought. They could see the clergyman in his surplice through the intervening trees, and the others standing bare-headed around him.

"Do you mean the doctor, Jelly?"

"Yes," said Jelly laconically, "I mean him."

"And enough to make him, poor bereft man, when the one nearest and dearest to him is suddenly cut off by fever," gravely rejoined Mrs. Gass. "In the midst of life we are in death."

Now, or never. Sitting there alone with Mrs. Gass, surrounded by these solemn influences, Jelly thought the hour and the opportunity had come. Bear with the secret much longer, she could not; it would wear her to a skeleton, dry up her tongue, worry her into the fever perhaps; and she had said to herself several times that Mrs. Gass, with her plain common sense, would be the best person to tell it to. Yes, she mentally repeated, now or never.

"*Was* it the fever that cut her off?" began Jelly significantly.

"Was it the fever that cut her off!" echoed Mrs. Gass. "What dy'e mean, Jelly?"

Jelly turned her face to the speaker, and plunged into her tale. Beginning, first of all, with the apparition she had certainly seen, and how it was—the staying late at Ketlar's, and Dinah's having left the blind undrawn—that she had come to see it. There she paused.

"Why, what on earth d'ye mean?" sharply demanded Mrs. Gass. "Saw Mrs. Rane's ghost! Don't be an idiot, girl."

"Yes, I saw it," repeated Jelly, with quiet emphasis. "Saw it as sure as I see them standing there now to bury her. There could be no mistake. I never saw her plainer in life. It was at one o'clock in the morning, I say, Mrs. Gass; and she was screwed down at twelve; an hour before it."

"Had you took a drop too much beer?" asked Mrs. Gass, after a pause, staring at Jelly to make sure the question would not apply to the present time. But the face that met hers was strangely earnest; too much so even to resent the insinuation.

"It was her ghost, poor thing; and I'm afraid it 'll walk till Justice lays it. I never knew but one ghost walk in all my life, Mrs. Gass; and he had been murdered."

Mrs. Gass made no rejoinder. She was taken up with looking at Jelly. Jelly went on.

"It's said there's many that walk: the world's full of such tales; but I never knew but that one. When people are put to an untimely end, and buried away out of sight, and their secret with 'em, it stands to reason that they can't rest quiet in their graves. *She* won't."

Mrs. Gass put her hand with a slap on the black shawl that covered Jelly's arm, and kept it there.

"Tell me why you be saying this."

"It's what I want to do. If I don't tell it somewhere I shall soon be in the grave myself. Fancy! me living at the very next door, and nobody in the house just now but Dinah!"

Jelly spoke out all: that she believed Dr. Rane might have "put his wife out of the way." Mrs. Gass was horrified. Not at the charge; she didn't believe a word; but at Jelly's presuming to fancy it. She gave Jelly a serious reprimand.

"It was him that wrote that anonymous letter, you know," whispered Jelly.

"Hush! Hold your tongue, girl. I've warned you before to let that alone."

"And I'm willing."

"This is downright wicked of you, Jelly. Dr. Rane loved his wife. What motive do you suppose he could have had for killing her?"

"To get the tontine money," replied Jelly, in a whisper.

The two women gazed at each other; gaze meeting gaze. And then Mrs. Gass grew on a sudden whiter than Dr. Rane, and began to shiver as though some strange chill had struck her.

CHAPTER XXX.

JELLY'S TROUBLES.

With the same rapidity, to outward appearance, that the sickness had come on, so did it subside in Dallory. Mrs. Rane's was the last serious case; the last death; the very few attacks afterwards were of the mildest description; and within a fortnight of the time that ill-fated lady was laid in the ground, people were fumigating their houses and throwing their rooms open to the renewed healthy air.

The inhabitants in general, rallying their depressed courage, thought the sooner they forgot the episode the better. Save perhaps by the inmates of those houses from which some one had been taken, they did soon forget it. It was surprising—now that magnifying fear was at an end and matters could be summed up dispassionately—how few the gaps were. With the exception of Henry Hepburn, the undertaker, and Mrs. Rane, they lay entirely amidst the poor working people out on strike; and, of those, principally amidst the children. Mrs. Gass told men to their faces, that the fever had come of nothing but famine and deprivation, and that they had only themselves to thank for it. She was in the habit, as the reader knows, of dealing out to them some home truths; but she had dealt out something else during the sickness—and that was, good nourishing food. She continued to do so still to those whose frames had been weakened by it; but she gave them due warning that it was only temporary help, which they'd never have received from her but for the fever. And so the visitation grew into a thing of the past, and Dallory was itself again.

One, there was, however, who could not forget; with whom that unhappy past, or rather a calamity left by it, was present night and day, Jelly. That Dr. Rane had in some way wilfully caused the death of his wife, Jelly was as sure of as though she had seen it done. Her suspicion pointed to laudanum; or to some preparation of the kind. Suspicion? Nay, with her it was certainty. In that last day of Bessy Rane's life, when she was described as sleeping, sleeping, always sleeping; when her sole cry had been,

THE DRUIDS' LAST SACRIFICE.

☞ The above engraving is founded on an old legend which says that in order to propitiate the gods, the Druids, in the hour of their country's peril, laid hold of and would have offered as a sacrifice the maiden daughter of the King. But the Roman soldiers arrived just in time to rescue the maiden from her impending fate.

"I am easy, only let me sleep," Jelly now felt that Dr. Rane knew she had been quietly sleeping away to death. Indelibly as though it had been written on her heart with the pen of truth, lay the conviction. About that, there could be neither doubt nor hesitation in her mind: the difficulty was—what ought to be her own course?

In all Jelly's past life she had never been actually superstitious; if told that she was so now, she would have replied Yes, because circumstances forced it upon her. That Mrs. Rane's spirit had appeared to her that memorable night to one sole intent—namely, that she, Jelly, should avenge her dreadful end by disclosing it to the public, Jelly believed as implicitly as she believed in the Gospel. Not a soul in the whole wide world but herself (save, of course Dr. Rane) had the faintest idea that the death was not a natural one. Jelly moaned and groaned, and thought her fate unjustly hard that *she* should have been signalised out by Heaven (for that's how she solemnly put it,) for the revelation, when there were so many other people in the community of Dallory. Jelly had fits of real despondency, when she didn't quite know whether her head was on or off, or whether her mind wouldn't "go." Why couldn't the ghost have appeared to somebody else, she mentally asked at these moments; to Phillis, say; or to Dinah; or to Bexley the surgeon; just because she had been performing an act of charity in sitting up with Ketlar's sick child, is must show itself to *her!* And then Jelly's brain would go off into suppositions, that it might have puzzled one, wiser than she was, to answer. Suppose she had not been at Ketlar's that night, the staircase blind would have been drawn down at dusk as usual, she would have gone to bed at her customary hour, seeing nothing, and all this misery been spared. But no. It was not to be. She went to Ketlar's; she stayed with the sick child to a strangely late hour, because Ketlar himself was detained out; when she reached home she found no light placed for her; she found the blind not down, both through Dinah's omission: and so—she saw what she did see. And although Jelly, in her temper, might wish to throw the blame on Ketlar for staying out, and on Dinah for her negligence, she recognized the finger of Destiny in all this, and knew she could not have turned aside from it.

What was she to do? Living in mortal dread of seeing again the apparition, feeling somehow a certainty within herself that she should see it, Jelly pondered the question every hour of the day. Things could not rest as they were. On the one hand, there was her natural repugnance to denounce Dr. Rane (just as there had been in the case of the anonymous letter,) not only because she was in the service of his mother, but for his own sake; for Jelly, with all her faults, as to curiosity and the like, had not a bad heart. On the other, there was the weighty secret revealed to her by the dead woman—and the expression is not wrong, for, *but* for that apparition Jelly would have known no more than the rest of the world—and the obligation it laid upon her. Yet—*how* could she speak?—when the faintest breath of such an accusation against her son, would assuredly kill Mrs. Cumberland in her present critical state! and to Jelly she was a good and kind mistress. No, she could never do it. With all this conflict within her, no wonder Jelly lost flesh and appetite; she had been thin enough before—she was like a veritable skeleton now. As to the revelation to Mrs. Gass, Jelly might just as well have made it to the moon. For that lady, after the first shock was past, absolutely refused to give credence to the tale; and had appeared ever since, by her manner, to ignore it as completely as though it had never been spoken.

Gradually Jelly grew disturbed by another fear—that she might be taken up as an accomplice after the fact. She was sure she had heard of such cases; and she tormented Tim Wilks nearly out of his patience—that gentleman having recovered his temporary indisposition—by asking perpetual questions of what the law might do to a person who found out that another had committed some crime, and concealed the knowledge; say stole a purse, for instance, and kept the money—for that's how Jelly generally put it.

One night when Jelly, by some fortunate chance, had really got to sleep early—for she more often lay awake till morning light—a ring at the door bell suddenly aroused her. Mrs. Cumberland had caused a loud night-bell to be affixed to the door; in case of fire, she said: it hung on this first landing, close, so to say, to Jelly's head, so that she awoke instantly. Dinah, sleeping above, might have heard it just as well as Jelly; but Dinah was a hard sleeper—most people are so who have plenty of work to do, and nothing to worry them—and the bell, as Jelly knew, might ring for an hour before it awoke her. However, Jelly lay, not caring to get up herself, hoping against hope, and wondering who in the world could be ringing, unless it was somebody mistaking their house for Dr. Rane's. Which had happened before.

Ring; ring. It was not a loud ring by any means; but a gentle one, as if the applicant did it in deprecation. Jelly lay on. She was not afraid that it was connected with the sight she was always in mortal dread of again seeing, since ghosts don't come ringing to announce their visits, after the manner of men and women. In fact, the surprise, and the speculating who it could be, put the fear for the time being altogether out of Jelly's head.

Ring; ring; ring. Rather a louder peal this time, as if a little impatience mingled with the deprecation.

"Drat that girl!" cried Jelly, in her wrath, finding that she must get up after all.

Flinging on a warm shawl, and putting her feet into her shoes, Jelly proceeded to the front room—Mrs. Cumberland's chamber when she was at home—threw up the window, and called out to know who was there. A little man, stepping back from the door into the bright moonlight, looked up to answer—and Jelly recognized the form and voice of Ketlar.

"It's me," said he.

"You!" interrupted Jelly, not allowing the man to continue. "What on earth do you want here at this hour?"

"I came to tell you the news about poor Cissy. She's dead."

"Couldn't it wait?" tartly returned Jelly, overlooking the sad nature of the tidings, in her anger at being disturbed out of her bed. "Would it have run away that you must come and knock folks up to tell it, as if you'd been the telegraph?"

"It was my wife made me come," spoke Ketlar, with much humility. "She's in a pack o' grief, Jelly, and nothing 'ud do but I must come right off and tell you; she thought, mayhap, you'd not be gone to bed."

"Not gone to bed at twelve o'clock at night!" retorted Jelly. "And there it is, striking; if you've got any ears to hear. You must be a fool, Ketlar."

"Well, I'm sorry to have disturbed you," said the man, with a sigh. "I'd not have done it of myself; but poor Susan was taking on so, I couldn't say her nay. We was all of us so fond of the child: and—and—"

Ketlar broke down with a great sob. The man had loved his child: and he was weak and faint with hunger. It a little appeased Jelly; not very much.

"I suppose you don't expect me to dress myself and come off to Susan at this hour?" she resentfully exclaimed, her tone, however, not quite so sharp.

"Law bless you, no," answered Ketlar. "What good would that do? It couldn't bring Cissy back to life.'

"Ketlar, it's just this—instead of being upset with grief, you and Susan, you might be thankful that the child's taken out of the distress of this world. She won't cry for food where she's gone, and find none."

The man's sobs were renewed at the last suggestion. But Jelly had really meant it in the light of consolation.

"She was your god-child, Jelly."

"You needn't tell it me," answered Jelly. "Could I have saved her life at any trouble or cost, I'd not have grudged it. If I had a home of my own, I'd have taken her to it; but I'm only in service, as you know. Ketlar, it is the strike that has killed that child."

Ketlar answered nothing.

"Cissy was a weakly child and required extra comforts: as long as you were in work she had them, but when that dropped off—leastways, when *you* dropped it, I should say," amended Jelly, who did not let the opportunity slip for dealing out a modicum of reproach—"of course the child suffered. And now she's gone! She is better off, Ketlar."

"Yes," assented the man as if he were heart-broken. "If it wasn't for the thought of the rest, I wish it was me that was gone instead."

"Well, give my love to Susan, and say I'm sorry for it altogether, and I'll come down sometime in the morning. And, look here, Ketlar—what about the money for the burial? You've not got anything towards it, I expect?"

Ketlar caught up his breath. "Not a penny."

"Well, I know you'd not like the poor little thing to be buried by the parish, so I'll see what's to be done, tell Susan. Good night."

Jelly shut down the window with a bang. She really looked upon the strike as having led to the child's death—and in a remote degree possibly it had: so, what with that, and what with the untimely disturbance from her bed, her tartness of manner was somewhat excusable.

In passing back across the landing to her own chamber, with no more superstitious thoughts in her mind just then than if she had never had cause to entertain such, the large window became suddenly illuminated. Jelly stopped. Her heart, as she would herself have expressed it, leaped into her mouth. The light came from the outside; no doubt from Dr. Rane's. Jelly stood stock still. And then—what desperate courage impelled her, she never knew, but believed afterwards it must have been something akin to the fascination of the basilisk—she advanced to the window, and pulled aside the white blind.

But she did not see Bessy Rane this time, as perhaps she had expected: only her husband. Dr. Rane had a candle in his hand, and was apparently picking up something he had let fall quite close to the large opposite window. It was this candle that had lighted up Jelly's window. In another moment he lodged the candle on a chair that stood there, so as to have both hands at liberty. Jelly watched. What he had dropped appeared to be several articles of his deceased wife's clothing, some of which had come unfolded in the fall. He soon had them within his arm again, caught up the candle and went down stairs. Jelly saw and recognized one beautiful Indian shawl, scarlet with a gold border, which had been a present from her own mistress to Bessy.

"He's going to pack them up and sell them, the wicked man!" spoke Jelly, in her strong conviction. And her ire grew very strong against Dr. Rane. "I'd almost rather have seen the spirit of his poor wife again than *this*," was her bitter comment, as she finally went into her room.

Putting aside all the solemn doubts and fears that were making havoc with Jelly's mind, her curiosity was insatiable. Perhaps no woman in all Dallory had so great a propensity for prying into other people's affairs, as she. Not, it must be again acknowledged, to do them harm; but simply in her world-wide inquisitiveness.

On the following morning, when Jelly attired herself to go to Ketlar's after breakfast—which meal was seasoned throughout with reproaches to Dinah for not hearing the night-bell—she bethought herself that she could first of all step into the next door. Ostensibly for the neighborly object of informing Phillis of the death of the child; really, to pick up any items of information there might be to pick up. Dr. Rane, it may be here remarked, had given Molly Green a character to get herself another place; himself preferring to retain the elder servant, Phillis; who, however, only went to him by day. The doctor was alone in his house at night, and Jelly believed he dared not even have old Phillis in, knowing it was haunted. He made no secret now of his intention to quit Dallory. As soon as his practice should be disposed of, and the tontine money paid, away he would go.

Jelly coolly walked out at the window of Mrs. Cumberland's dining-room, and through that of the doctor's. She had seen him go out some little time before. Phillis was upstairs, putting her master's chamber to rights, and Jelly sought her there. She told of the fright Ketlar had given her, by coming at midnight to bring the news about Cissy; and Phillis, who had a tender heart, dropped a tear or two to the child's memory. Cissy had been loved by everybody.

"Miss Dallory will be sorry to hear this when she comes back," remarked Phillis.

"I say, Phillis, what does your master mean to do with Mrs. Rane's clothes?" abruptly asked Jelly.

Phillis, dusting the looking-glass at the moment, paused in her occupation, as if considering. "I'm sure I don't know, Jelly. He pointed out a few of the plain things to me one day, and said I might divide them between myself and Molly Green; but that he'd not like to see us wear them till he was gone away. As of course we shouldn't, being in black for her."

"She had lots of beautiful clothes. I'm sure the shawls, and scarfs, and embroidered robes, and worked petticoats, and other valuable Indian things that my mistress was always giving her, would have set up any lady's wardrobe. What will he do with *them?*"

Phillis shook her head, and pointed to a large, high chest of drawers. Her heart was full yet when she spoke of her late mistress.

"They are all in there, Jelly."

Are they? thought Jelly. But Phillis was going down now, her occupation finished. Jelly lingered behind, and thrust her black bonnet out at the window, as if looking at something up the road. When Phillis had descended the stairs, Jelly tried the drawers. All were locked except one. That one, which Jelly softly drew open, was filled with articles belonging to the late Mrs. Rane; none of them, so far as Jelly could gather by the cursory glance and touch, of much value.

"Yes," she said bitterly. "He keeps these open for show: but he is sending away the best. Those other drawers, if they could be looked into, are empty."

If ever Jelly had been startled in all her life at human footstep, it was to hear that of Dr. Rane on the stairs. How she got the drawer shut; how she got her head stretched out at the window again as far as ever it would stretch, she hardly knew. The doctor came in. Jelly, bringing in her head, apparently as much surprised as if a rhinoceros had walked up, apologized and explained rather lamely. She supposed Phillis must have gone down, she said, while she was watching that impudent butcher's boy: she had made bold to step up to tell Phillis about Ketlar's little girl.

"Ah, she is gone," observed Dr. Rane, as Jelly was walking out. "There has been no hope of her for some time."

"No, sir, I know there hasn't," replied Jelly, somewhat recovering her equanimity. "I told Ketlar that he may thank the strike for it."

Jelly got out with this, and was whisking through the gray room, when the doctor spoke again.

"Have you heard from your mistress this morning, Jelly?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I have. I am very much afraid that she is exceedingly ill, Jelly."

"Dinah got a letter from Ann a day or two ago, sir; she said in it that her missis was looking worse, and seemed lower than she'd ever known her."

"Ay, I wish she would come home. Eastsea is far away, and I cannot be running there perpetually," added the doctor, as he shut the chamber door in Jelly's face.

Leaning back on the pillows of an invalid's chair was Arthur Bohun, looking as yellow as gold. He had had an attack of jaundice. The day of James Bohun's funeral it had poured rain; Arthur got wet, standing at the grave, and caught a chill. It terminated in yellow jaundice—the distressed state of his mind no doubt doing its full part towards bringing on the malady. At first the doctors were afraid of bilious fever, but the danger of that passed. He was recovering now. Sir Nash, at whose house he lay, was everything that was kind.

Madam was kind also: at least she made a great professing show of it. Her private object in life just now was to get her son to marry Miss Dallory. Madam cared no more for her son Arthur or his welfare than she did for Richard North; but she had the shrewdness to foresee that the source whence her large supplies of money had hitherto come, was now dried up: and she hoped to get some out of Arthur for the future. The marrying an heiress, wealthy as Mary Dallory, would vastly increase his power and means of helping her. Moreover, she wished to be effectually relieved from that horrible nightmare that haunted her still—the possibility of his wedding Ellen Adair.

So Madam laid her plans—as it was in her scheming nature ever to be laying them—and contrived to get Miss Dallory (at that time in London with her aunt) to Sir Nash Bohun's for a few days' visit when Arthur was recovering. The young lady was there now; and Matilda North was there; and they both spent a good portion of every day with Arthur; and Sir Nash made much of Mary Dallory, partly because he liked her for herself, and partly because he thought there was a probability that she would be Arthur's wife. During his illness, Captain Bohun had had time to reflect: not only time, but *calmness*, in the lassitude it cast on him mentally and bodily; and he began to see his immediate way somewhat clearer. To hold off and say nothing, give no explanation to the two ladies at Eastsea, to whom he was acting (as he felt) so base a part, was the very worst form of cowardice; and, though he could not explain to Ellen Adair, he was now anxious to do so to Mrs. Cumberland. Accordingly the first use he made of his partially-recovered health, was to cause writing materials to be put on the bed and pen her a note in very shaky characters. He spoke of his serious illness, stated that certain "untoward circumstances" had occurred to intercept his plans, but that as soon as he was sufficiently well to travel he should beg of her to appoint a time when she could allow him a private conference.

The return post brought him a letter from Ellen. Rather to his consternation. Ellen assumed—not unnaturally, as the reader will find further on—that the sole cause of his mysterious absence was illness; that he had been ill from the first, and unable to travel. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAREST ARTHUR—I cannot express to you what my feelings are this morning; so full of joy, yet full of pain. Oh I cannot tell you what the past two or three weeks have been to me: looking back, it almost seems a wonder that I *lived* through them. For I thought—I thought—I will not say here what I thought, and perhaps I could not, only that you were never coming more; and that it was to me agony worse than death. And to hear now that you could not come; that the cause of your silence and absence has been dangerous illness, brings to me a great sorrow and shame. Oh Arthur, my dearest, forgive me! Forgive also my writing to you in this free manner; but it almost seems to me as though you were already my husband. Had you been called away but half an hour later you would have been, and perhaps even might have had me with you in your illness.

"I should like to write pages and pages, but you may be too ill yet to read much, and so I will stop here. May God watch over you and bring you round again.

"Ever yours, Arthur, yours only, with the great love of my whole heart,

"ELLEN ADAIR."

And Captain Arthur Bohun, in spite of the cruel fate that had parted them, in spite of his best hope never to see her more, pressed the letter to his heart, and the sweet name, Ellen Adair—sweeter than any he would ever hear—to his lips, and shed tears of anguish over it in the feebleness induced by illness.

They might take Mary Dallory to his room as much as they pleased; and Matilda might exert her little wiles to subtly praise her, and Madam here to leave them "accidentally" together; but his heart was too full of another, and of its own bitter pain, to allow room for as much as a responsive thought to Mary Dallory.

"Arthur is frightfully languid and apathetical!" spoke Miss North one day in a burst of resentment. "I'm sure he is quite rude to me and Mary; he'll let us sit there by him for an hour, and never speak."

"Consider how ill he has been—and is," was the remonstrating answer of Sir Nash.

Mrs. Cumberland's span of life was drawing into a very narrow space; and it might be that she was beginning to suspect this. For some months she had been getting inwardly weaker; but the weakness had for a week or two been visibly and rapidly increasing. The unaccountable behaviour of Captain Bohun had tried her—for Ellen's sake. She was responsible to Mr. Adair for the welfare of his daughter, and the matter was a source of daily and hourly annoyance to her mind. When this second tardy note arrived, she considered it, in one sense, a satisfactory explanation; in another, not; since, if Captain Bohun had been too ill to write himself, why did he not get some one else to write to her and say so? However, she was willing to persuade herself that all would be right; and she told Ellen, without showing her the note, that Captain Bohun had been dangerously ill, unable to come or write. Hence Miss Ellen's return letter.

But, apart from the silent progress of the illness in itself, nothing had done Mrs. Cumberland so much harm as the news of her daughter-in-law's death. It had been allowed to reach her abruptly, without the smallest warning. I suppose there is something in our common nature that urges us to impart sad tidings to others. We are all alike in it. However grievous and horrible they may be, we find pleasure in imparting them; and Dinah, Jelly's friend and underling, proved no exception. On the day after the death, she sat down and indited a letter to her fellow-servant, Ann, at Eastsea, in which she detailed the short progress of Mrs. Rane's illness, and described the death as "awful sudden." Ann, before she had well mastered the cramped lines, ran with white face and open mouth to her mistress; and Miss Adair afterwards told her that she ought to have known better. That it was too great a shock for Mrs. Cumberland in her critical state, the girl in her repentance saw. Mrs. Cumberland asked for the letter, and scarcely had it out of her hand for hours and hours. Dead! apparently from no cause; for the fever had lasted but a day, Dinah said, and was gone again. Mrs. Cumberland, in her bewilderment, began actually to think it was a fable.

Not for two or three days did she receive confirmation from Dr. Rane. Of course the doctor did not know and did not suppose that any one else would be writing to Eastsea: and he was perhaps willing to spare his mother the news as long as he could. He shortly described the illness—saying that he, himself, had entertained but little hope from the first, from the severity of the fever. But all this did not tend to soothe Mrs. Cumberland; and in the two or three weeks that afterwards went on, she faded palpably. Little wonder the impression, that she was growing worse, made its way to Dallory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATH OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—This distinguished naval officer has passed away, nearly three-score and ten years old. It may be said that, as a youth, he was remarkably free from excess. His tastes were pure and his morals unexceptionable. One of his remarks to those under his command regarding the use of rum, is worthy of perpetuation in letters of gold. He said: "I have been to sea a great many years, and have seen some fighting, but *I have never seen the time when I needed rum to help me to do my duty.*"

☞ Hall's Journal of Health lays down the law as follows:—"Men may live long and in health who never taste meat, but they never can excel in anything which requires energy. The nations which eat no meat, as to the masses, are always inefficient or degraded. The hundreds of millions of Japan and China have failed in the centuries of the past in all that makes a nation or an individual grand in conception or magnificent in accomplishment. They are to-day what they were ages ago, and they live mainly on rice and other vegetables."

☞ At Bangkok, lately, the Consul General of Portugal was bathing in the river Menam, when he accidentally touched an electric eel, sank, and was drowned.

☞ JUSTIFIABLE STINGINESS.—Grudging a friend the right of Lunging at our expense.

☞ In the theatre of war, the boxes are for cartridges, the stalls are for the cavalry, the vivandieres' tent is the gallery, the pit is for the dead, the tiers are those of widows and orphans, the prompter is ambition or revenge, or conquest, or sometimes, a just cause; the stars are the marshals and generals, the stock is the army, and the curtain, which closes in the final scene, is generally a tape-bound diplomatic rag, or patched-up peace.

☞ A Saratoga tombstone bears this inscription:—"Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda Cox, and wife of Theo ore Schallehn, died Aug. 10, 1848, aged 26 yrs, leaving five children—married too young, against her father's will. Single women take warning."

☞ An undertaker was sued the other day for breach of promise of marriage. He pleaded that he was compelled for business reasons to break off the match, the lady was so devoid of "symmetery."

☞ Vice-President Colfax writes to the Brooklyn Union, that he intends, with this term, to close his public life absolutely, and go into active business.

☞ It is announced from Paris that Gustave Aimard has organized a volunteer corps for the defence of the city, wholly composed of writers for the press. We may expect a glowing account of the services of this corps. Its members will describe their own exploits.

☞ Some one sent to a Richmond paper, as original, an extract from the Song of Solomon, and the editor published it "as a fair specimen of the poetical effusions which are daily thrown into our waste-basket." A rank injustice to newspaper poets.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 2 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $75. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

As all the daily papers, and all the weekly papers probably with the exception of our own, have contained long and wisely-worded homilies on the downfall of Louis Napoleon in one short eventful month, we have concluded to spare the world the infliction of another.

We never were an admirer of Louis Napoleon—especially since that day when he violated the oath he had taken as President of France, and made himself Emperor. We should not have objected so much to his making himself Emperor—but if a man will violate his solemn pledge, what is there left in the man to hold to.

A ruler who violates his solemn oath, saps the foundation upon which rests all the social and political structure.

And yet it seems only fair to admit that for twenty years Louis Napoleon has governed France with as much wisdom as any sober-minded person could reasonably expect. And that the people of France generally have been happy and prosperous under his rule, the votes in his favor, and the little emigration from France to our own shores, would seem to prove.

As for his dynasty, he himself perhaps may never reign again, but it may be that his son, if he live and manifest ability, may yet sit a fourth Napoleon upon the imperial throne of France, or fill the more contracted sphere of King.

RECOGNITION.

President Grant has recognised the new French Republic, and the French Republicans are deeply moved and comforted thereby. We suppose it was right to do so, according to our rule of acknowledging all *de facto* governments, especially as the proclamation of a Republic anywhere must be taken as a kind of compliment to the United States.

But it must be remembered that the new Republic is merely the work of a few men in Paris, that it is not in any fair sense the creation of the whole people, that it has not received yet the endorsement of the nation, and that there is very little probability of its endurance.

The King of Prussia is known to be an ardent believer in the doctrine that kings rule by a divine right—and Bismarck has been through all his career an able and earnest supporter of the royal prerogatives. We think it probable that if the King of Prussia had to choose between the dynasty of Louis Napoleon and a French Republic, he would greatly prefer the former—that he would look upon a Republic in France as upon a very dangerous kind of a neighbor, and the more dangerous in proportion as it should prove to be successful.

RUSSIA UNEASY.—There are various reports from Paris of an alliance with Russia. Russia is arming, fearful, it is said, that the same military strength which Prussia has now directed against France, will sooner or later be turned against her, with a view to acquiring all the German provinces of Russia. Perhaps.

INHUMANITY.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the papers:—

A woman now in her 86th year, and the mother of ten children, one of whom is a selectman worth his thousands, was turned out of home in Greenfield, Mass., the other day, to shift for herself as best she could. The actor in this inhuman affair was her son-in-law, a man worth $20,000, with whom she had been living until Monday night of last week. Since that time she has been turned into the street to shift for herself as best she could, by this individual, and has been supported by the neighbors, who have given her food and shelter. The town authorities have refused to provide for the old lady as long as her children neglect to do so, while they are so thoroughly able, and thus the matter stands, the poor old woman being cared for by the merest charity.

If the above be true, we may be allowed to say that it probably is not to be taken as a conclusive proof that either the public-school system or any social institution of Massachusetts is a failure. Neither is it a sign that Massachusetts is relapsing into barbarism—nor a certain proof that her vaunted town meetings (although one of the guilty parties is a selectman) are rapidly becoming corrupt, and her poor-house system a sham and failure. If "one lark does not make a summer," neither do two or three heaps of sand a desert. Let the philosophers and philanthropists of Massachusetts remember these things when considering the weakness or wickedness of the inhabitants of other states whom they think less enlightened and virtuous than themselves.

"TO INTERVIEW."

This phrase it seems is not one of our American inventions, or, if it is, the English have anticipated us. The London "*Pall Mall Gazette*," good authority, says:

It occurs in a passage in "Hall's Chronicle," which was printed in 1542, and claims, therefore, a higher antiquity than the noun, which we use without hesitation. Another Americanism "to exour," *i. e.*, to go on an excursion, has a similar history, and is said to have been employed by Harvey some time before William Brown introduced the word excursion in his "Britannia's Pastorals." As "exour" is framed after analogy of "incur," "occur," and "concur," there seem to be no other reasons against its adoption than that the latter words are never used in their literal signification, and that we can readily express our meaning without recourse to such an archaism. Americans frequently say (and with some truth) that in their language have been preserved many old English words which the passion for Johnsonian diction has banished from our conversation; but we doubt whether the remark applies to the samples we have noticed.

No, the probability is that some American editor, writing in his haste, as American editors are very apt to do, because they are overburdened with work, struck out "to interview" in the heat of composition, and afterwards concluded when reading his proof to let it stand, allowable or not allowable. And why is not an American editor in 1870 as good authority for the use of a word as "Hall's Chronicle" printed in the darkness of 1542?

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The Emperor wrote to the King of Prussia—Emperor of Germany as he designs to be—"As I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty."

This sounded at first like bosh; but now that the Prussians say that Louis Napoleon really did court death for two hours in the front lines of his troops, it reads better.

One thing we do not quite understand. Even if the French army were destitute of ammunition, could not 100,000 or even 50,000 men, directed in a solid mass against some one point of the enemy's lines, have forced their way through, at the point of the bayonet. And, if so, why could not the Emperor have headed such a charge?

But perhaps it was impossible. We grant we are not soldier enough to pass judgment. It seems to be admitted that the Prussians had 240,000 men to the French 120,000; or at least two to one. In fact the French have been outnumbered, and probably outgeneralled, all through.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON will deliver to the Puritan element of New York the annual address before the New England Society on the 21st of December, at their celebration of the 215th anniversary of the Pilgrims; after which the society will adjourn to Delmonico's, and with the blaze of gas-lights, the popping of Champagne corks, and the music of Offenbach, celebrate and perpetuate the ascetic virtues of their forefathers.

We hope that Mr. Emerson will for once picture the Puritan Fathers as they were, giving them credit for their many virtues, but not praising them for virtues which they not only did not possess, but which they especially abhorred. As Mr. Emerson is anything but a "loose" talker, we may look for a true portrait, both in its lights and its shades, of the original colonist of New England.

HENRY WARD BEECHER recollects, when a little boy, saying to his mother, "I am never going to get married." "And, why not, Henry?" He blushed all over (and can almost feel the blush now) as he replied, "Well, I never could ask a girl 'Will you have me?'"

Ah, we have here the true reason at last why Beecher is a woman's rights' man. He wishes to save mankind for the future the disagreeable duty, as he considers it, of "popping the question." To many men, however, that duty is so pleasant that they could not think of giving it up to the other sex. We could go off into ecstacies over the delight of that sweet and, as a Frenchman would say, "supreme" moment, but just now have not the time.

A PHILADELPHIAN ABROAD.—The *London Graphic*, one of the best of the English illustrated papers, recently contained an excellent likeness, with a biographical sketch by Parton, of Mr. George W. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*. The same likeness and sketch we see in the "*Every Saturday*," of Boston. Mr. Childs's name and fame seem to be spreading, as the name and fame of successful men are apt to do. Mr. Childs has proved himself so liberal in his good fortune, that people generally are pleased with his success.

CONSECRATION.—The consecration of the new and beautiful Jewish synagogue of Rodef Shalom (the Way of Peace) took place on Friday afternoon of last week. We regret that we were not able to be present in response to the courteous invitation extended to us. Our citizens of the ancient Hebrew faith constitute a very thrifty, quiet and orderly portion of the population of Philadelphia. And you never see a Jewish beggar, for, like the "Friends," the Jews support their own poor, and do moreover their share in supporting the poor at large.

A NEW ELECTION IN FRANCE.—A new Constitutional Assembly is to be elected in France—Prussians permitting, we suppose—on the 16th of October.

On the other hand, there is a not very improbable report from London, that King William has ordered Napoleon to be treated with all respect as the ruling Sovereign of France, will permit nothing to be said to him about treating with the Republic, and has made up his mind to insist only on ample security for the payment of the expenses of the war, and the restoration of the Imperial Government.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The public schools of the city of New York are said to be the best in the whole state; while the proportion of children who attend schools is said to be considerably larger than in the rural districts. If therefore the advantage of going to school be such as is generally supposed, New York City is on the high road to paradise. We do not know how long New York has had such an admirable system of public schools in operation, but we suppose for at least one generation.

THE FASHIONS.—Some one wonders who is to set the fashions, now that Eugenie is dethroned. Do not be anxious, ladies, the LADY'S FRIEND will take care of that. Philadelphia, with the refined taste of her ladies, is of herself fully able to set the fashions for this Western continent.

E. W.—We do not wish *long* poems, no matter how good they may be.

From Niagara to Montreal.

VIA ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The railroad from Niagara to Lewistown runs for its whole length in full view of the river, whose lofty and rigidly erect walls, stretching in unbroken lines for miles below the cataract, give striking evidence of the vast labor performed by the river in eating its way, century by century, through the ridge of solid limestone that separates the lakes. Far down below the line of the railroad the water is seen, placidly winding through the deep gorge, or speeding in occasional rapids, its hue intensely green, its banks as lofty and precipitous as the Palisades of the Hudson.

Ere reaching Lewistown this ridge sinks to the level of the river, forming the original locality of the cataract. At this town we take boat for Toronto, steaming out of sight of land on Lake Ontario, and reaching the Canadian city by two o'clock in the afternoon. Here we simply changed boats—our experience of Toronto being a view of some extensive warehouses, and the upward pointing forefingers of its churches in the back ground.

For the rest of the day and evening we steamed along in full view of the Canada shore, an ever-changing panorama of farming lands, sandy bluffs, occasional hamlets, with several towns of some pretensions to size and beauty. Kingston, a Canadian city at the head of the lake, is reached at four o'clock in the morning—and immediately after leaving this thriving town the state-rooms began to disgorge their sleepy occupants, for here the Thousand Islands commence, and who would let the desire to indulge in his own dreams cheat him from enjoying one of Nature's loveliest visions.

For some four hours the boat runs through an uninterrupted succession of the most beautiful island scenery. These islands number in fact over eighteen hundred, and are of every conceivable size and shape—some so minute that they seem but rock pediments to the single tree that is rooted upon their surface, while the rocky shores of others stretch for a mile or more along the channel. They are all heavily wooded, with here and there a lighthouse, or a rude hovel as the only indication of man's combat with primitive nature.

Every few turns of the wheel reveals some new feature of the scene, unexpected channels cutting through the centre of a long, wooded reach, broad open spaces studded with numerous islets, narrow, creek-like channels running between rocky island shores, in which the whole river seems contracted to a slender stream, while again the channel grows a mile wide, with other channels opening behind distant islands. Quick turns in our course plunge us into an archipelago, through which a dozen channels run in every direction. Sudden openings in the shore down which we are gliding yield glimpses of charming islands, here closing the view, there cut by narrow channels revealing more distant wooded shores, and leading the imagination suggestively onward, till we fancy scenes of fairy-like beauty hidden behind those flitting shores, and enviously torn from our sight by the remorseless onward flight of the boat. For hours we sat in rapt delight, drinking in beauty at every turn, while the more prosaic of our party listened to the suggestion of the breakfast gong and allowed their physical to overpower their mental hunger.

One tall, long-whiskered old gentleman from Ohio, shaped something like a mark of interrogation, and sustaining his character by asking everybody all sorts of questions, did not, I am positive, digest his breakfast well, for I took a wicked pleasure in assuring him that we had passed far the most beautiful portions of the scenery while he was engaged with creature comforts, and that the world beside could not possibly contain a rival to the scenes of fairy land he had lost. Old Buckeye, as I had irreverently christened him, wished his breakfast was in Hades, and he at once set out on a general tour of interrogation to learn if he could not return by the same route and pick up the lost threads of beauty he had so idly dropped.

Another of our fellow-passengers was an English gentleman of perfect Lord Dundreary pattern, his every movement being so suggestive of those of his stage counterpart as to afford us an unfailing source of amusement. At Prescott, Canada, a New England college boat club came on board with their boat, and highly amused us during the rest of the trip by a long succession of comical songs. Three of them were sons of one of our venerable New England professors, one an unvenerable professor himself, yet their tanned faces, worn habiliments and wild songs bore so strong a flavor of the backwoods that it was hard to mentally locate them within college walls.

We were roused from dinner by the announcement that the "Long Sault" rapid was at hand, and gladly deserted one of the meanest tables we had ever endured to partake of one of Nature's rarest banquets.

The boat was entering what seemed a heaving sea, the waters lifting in dangerous billows, tossing us about with unmitigated rudeness, so that at intervals it was almost impossible to maintain a level footing. But the appearance of these rapids was far different from what we had been led to expect. The frightful aspect of danger, the rapid down-hill plunge of the boat, and all the fear-inspiring adornments of the guide-books were not visible to our eyes. To all appearance the boat was fixed in the heart of a watery turmoil, her onward motion lost in her various upward and sidelong motions, while as for fear we saw no tinge of pallor on any female face, though hearing many little shrieks, full of laughter, as the equilibrium of the craft was suddenly destroyed.

About five minutes or so of this scene and we were through the perilous part of the great rapid. The St. Lawrence has many other rapids between this and Montreal, differing considerably in appearance, some of them being, as far as the eye can reach, a succession of crossing and tumbling waves, which give the boat most unexpected little heaves, and appear like the waves of a tossing sea. Here the water plunges rapidly down a narrow throat between two islands, there it curves round a rocky shore, on which it breaks in ocean-like billows. But the only point where danger becomes vividly apparent is at the La Chine Rapids, near Montreal, where the river runs through a narrow foaming channel between two long ridges of rock, over which the water tumbles with a terrible suggestion of peril.

The peak of Montreal mountain has been long visible, and now we rapidly approach the long line of Victoria bridge, the great pride of Canadian engineering. Under this we glide with a gymnast at the mast head, whose erected feet seem to nearly touch the bridge; and in a short time we round into the wharf and are ashore in the largest city of Canada.

As for Montreal, it does well enough to boast of in a country that has no better specimen of a city to show. But we are so envious of the reputation of our Philadelphia and New York, that we will not draw a parallel. At least Canada is welcome to accept this as our reason. Narrow streets, tall houses, wooden pavements, French signs, here and there a creditable building, execrable ice-cream, an utter dearth of lemons, a well-kept hotel, a mountain affording some fine views, hearses that would figure well in a holiday procession, with their silver trinkets and gilded angels, a magnificent Cathedral, an English Church of fine architecture, a Jesuit Church splendidly painted in fresco, and an outward-bound train over the Victoria bridge,—and you have Montreal in its most vivid impressions on our memory.

CHARLES MORRIS.

Womanliness.

Of all kinds of female beauty that which is included in what we mean by womanliness is the greatest and the most beautiful. A womanly woman has neither vanity nor hardness. She may be pretty, most likely she is, and she may know it; for, not being a fool, she cannot help seeing it when she looks at herself in the glass; but knowing the fact is not being conscious of the possession, and a pretty woman, if of the right ring, is not vain, though she prizes her beauty as she ought. And she is as little hard as vain. Her soul is not given up to ribbons, but neither is she indifferent to externals, and to dress among them. She knows that part of her natural mission is to please and be charming, and she knows that dress sets her off, and that men feel more enthusiastically towards her when she is looking fresh and pretty than when she is a dowdy and a fright. And, being womanly, she likes the admiration of men, and thinks their love a better thing than their indifference. If she likes men she loves children, and neither shunts them to the nursery-ending, nor frets over her miseries when forced to have them about her. She knows that she was designed by God and nature for a mother, sent into the world for that purpose mainly, and she knows that rational maternity means more than simply giving life, and then leaving it to others to preserve it. She has no new-fangled notions about the animal character of motherhood, or about the degrading character of housekeeping. On the contrary, she thinks a populous and happy nursery one of the greatest blessings of her state, and she puts her pride in the perfect ordering, the exquisite arrangements, the comfort, thoughtfulness, and beauty of the house. She is not above her *metier* as a woman, and she does not want to ape the manliness she never can possess.

She has always been taught that, as there are certain manly virtues, so are there certain feminine ones; and that she is the most womanly among women who has those virtues in greatest abundance and in the highest perfection. She has taken it to heart, that patience, self-sacrifice, tenderness, quietness, with some others, of which modesty is one, are the virtues more especially feminine; just as courage, justice, fortitude, and the like, belong to men. Passionate ambition, virile energy, and the love of strong excitement, self-assertion, fierceness, and an undisciplined temper, are all qualities which detract from her idea of womanliness, and which make her less beautiful than she was meant to be, consequently she has cultivated all the meek and tender affections, all the unselfishness and thought for others which have hitherto been the distinctive property of woman, by the exercise of which she has done her best work and earned her highest place. She thinks it no degradation that she should take pains to please, to soothe, to comfort the man who all day long has been doing irksome work that her home may be beautiful and her life at ease. She does not think it incumbent on her, as a woman of spirit, to fly out at an impatient word, to answer back a momentary irritation with defiance, to play Roland to his Oliver; her womanliness inclines her to loving forbearance, to patience under difficulties, to unwearied cheerfulness under such portion of the inevitable burden as may have been laid on her; she does not hold herself predestined by nature to receive only the best of everything, and deem herself affronted where her cross is bound on her shoulders. Rather, she understands that she, too, must take the rough with the smooth; but that, as her husband's way in life is rougher than hers, his trials greater, his burdens greater, it is her duty—and her privilege—to help him all she can with her tenderness and her love, and to give back to him at home, if in a different form, some of the care he has expended while abroad to make her path smooth. In a word, the womanliness which we all once loved, and have still a kind of traditional belief in, is the womanliness that regards the wishes of men as of some weight in female action—that holds to love rather than opposition; to reverence, not defiance; that takes more pride in her husband's fame than in her own; that glories in the protection of his name, and in her state as wife; that feels the honor given to her as wife and matron far dearer than any she may earn for personal prowess; and that believes in her consecration as a helpmeet for man, not in a rivalry which a few generations will ripen into a coarse and bitter enmity.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $5@5.50 for superfine; $5.75@6.25 for extra; $6.50@7 for Penna family; $6.50@7 for Northwest extra family; $6.50@7 for Ohio extra family; $7@7.25 for Indiana family, and $7.50@8.50 for fancy brands. Rye Four—Sales at $5.75@6.¶ bbl.

GRAIN—Sales of 10,000 bus Indiana red at $1.31@1.42, 6000 bus Penna red at $1.37@1.41; 15,000 bus Delaware at $1.39@1.45. Rye—5000 bus of Western sold in lots at 85@88 ¶ bus. Corn—Sales 70,000 bus at 96@98c for Penna yellow; 90@96c for Western yellow; 86@88c for low mixed; and 88@90c ¶ bus for high mixed. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 51@52c for white Western, 49c for black do; 47@48c for mixed; 47@48c for Delaware. Barley—2500 bus of Iowa sold at $1.30@1.32.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $22; clear at $23, and extra prime at $18. Mess Beef is steady at $20.50@22 for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $28@30. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 22@24c; Excelsior hams at 24c; sides at 17@18½c, and shoulders at 15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 19@19½c; sides at 15½c, and shoulders in salt at 13@13½c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 16½@16¾c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna stone packed at 21@24c, and Bradford county at 25@40c. Eggs—Sales at 25@26c.

COTTON—600 bales of middlings sold at 29@29½c ¶ ℔ for upland and 30½c ¶ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@20 ¶ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay ¶ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,10; mixed, $1,05@1,10; straw, $1,@1,05.

IRON—No 1 anthracite at $32, and No 2 at $22. Bar Iron at $85 ¶ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $20@21,50 ¶ ton.

SEEDS—Timothy—600 bus are reported at $6@6,25.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3200 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ¶ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 95 ¶ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ¶ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,75 to 14,25 ¶ 100 lbs.

A Gentle Whisper to Mothers.

If unfortunately you have lost your own teeth by neglect or mismanagement, take care that your daughters do not suffer the same penalty from the same cause. See to it that they brush their teeth regularly and thoroughly with the SOZODONT, and thereby you will insure them sound and serviceable sets as long as they live.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," handy and useful.

S. T. 1860. X., however, like the initials on the old Roman banners, has a meaning. It represents Saint Croix—ST. being the convential equivalent of Saint, and 1-8-6-0 standing for the letters C-R-O-I, and so forming, with the concluding X, the word Croix. By placing the trade-mark and the name of the island in juxtaposition, with the figures over the letters they are intended to denote, the explanation will be understood:

S. T. 1860. X.
S T. CROI X.

Nothing can be more simple, or, it may be, more appropriate. St. Croix Rum is the stimulating basis of the PLANTATION BITTERS and it is, therefore, "in accordance with the fitness of things," that St. Croix should be the basis of their business shibboleth.

The new food prepared from SEA MOSS FARINE is meeting with wonderful success; and well it may, for a more delightful dessert for the table cannot be imagined.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine which has been in constant use for over eight years without costing one dollar for repairs. It has done all my family sewing from the finest cambric to the heaviest jeans. I take pleasure in recommending it as the very best sewing machine for family use."—*Mrs. Jane Cox, Acalia, Ind.*

Scratch! Scratch! Can't Sleep O'Nights.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES ITCH, TETTER.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES SALT RHEUM.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES ITCHING PILES.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	CURES BARBER'S ITCH.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.	ALL SKIN DISEASES.

No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. aug6-eowtf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 123 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERTS & LEAGUE & Co., sept3-1w

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crompton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-1y

R. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all acute, inflammatory, malarious or infectious diseases prevented and exterminated. The weak, feeble, and nervous restored to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. One bottle will do more good, cure more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than $10 spent for all other medicines or bitters in use.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Sold by druggists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Price, 50 cents. aug20-tf

What Does Reason Say?

The little mongoose when bitten by a deadly serpent resorts to a certain plant, eats of it, and escapes the effect of the poison. That is instinct. Human beings on the other hand, must depend on reason and experience in selecting the means of protecting health and life against unwholesome influences. Now, what does reason say on this vital subject? Does it not tell us that to invigorate and purify the system is the best way to protect it against the invisible poison which generates disease? Surely it does. The next question is, what guide shall we follow in choosing a medicinal safeguard? Reason replies let your monitor be experience. Well, the experience of eighteen years comprised in one unbroken series of satisfactory testimonials assures us that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS possess strengthening, regulating, and antiseptic properties which are not combined in the same happy proportions in any other preparation extant. This, therefore, is the antidote to which reason bids us resort when our health is imperilled either by the malaria which produces epidemic disorders, or by any other cause, whether inherent and constitutional or connected with our habits, occupations and pursuits.

The venom of a noxious reptile is scarcely more subtle and dangerous than that which lurks in foul air and impure water. To escape the fevers, bilious disorders, disturbances of the bowels, and other serious maladies produced by these insalubrious elements, it is absolutely necessary that the stomach and all the secretive organs should be, so to speak, in a robust condition. Upon the amount of resistance which the vital system can oppose to the deleterious influences that assail it, the safety of the health depends, and it is because the GREAT VEGETABLE INVIGORANT imparts energy and regularity to the most important functions of the body, that it can be recommended and guaranteed as an invaluable preventative medicine. sep3-it

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-3m

Invalids,

Especially Consumptives, will find the water and baths at the CONGRESS SPRING, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vt., under the care of DR. S. S. FITCH, of 714 Broadway, New York, one of the best curatives of Throat, Lung, Stomach, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism and Cancers. A cure usually effected in four to sixteen weeks. Climate life-giving, better than Minnesota or Florida. Congress Hall, the excellent hotel, open all the year. Board excellent and cheap. For particulars, references and rooms, apply personally or by letter to S. S. F. CARLISLE, Congress Hall, Sheldon, Vermont. au27-6t

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Theoretical and Practical Musicians and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Organ, Guitar, Harp, and desiring further information will please apply for Circular to the Principal of Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale New London Co., Conn. jy2-3m

Music Vale Seminary

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, Mr. JOSHUA L. CHILDS to Miss ELISABETH J. BATES, both of this city.

On the 26th of Aug., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM B. WATKINS, Jr., to Miss KATIE V., daughter of Frank Glenn, Esq., both of this city.

On the 27th of July by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. LOUIS P. YOUNG to Miss LIZZIE D. HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 4th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM B. HOUGHTON to Miss MAGGIE S. JONES, both of this city.

On the 22d of Aug., by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM T. NELSON to Miss ANNA J. UMSTEAD, both of this city.

On the 30th of June, by the Rev. A. C. Murphy, Mr. JAMES MCCALL to Miss PAULINE DUBOIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Sunday, the 4th instant, at Long Branch, HANNAH M. PETERSON, daughter of the late John Bouvier, and wife of Robert E. Peterson, M. D., in the 59th year of her age.

On the 5th instant, CHARLES S. MANN, aged 58 years.

On the 6th instant, ELIZA, wife of the late THOS. Levitt, Jr., in her 43d year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN W. HORRADAILE, in his 42d year.

On the 4th instant, SUSAN PARKINSON, aged 30 years.

On the 3d instant, EDWARD H. LUKENS, in his 31st year.

On the 2d instant, RICHARD G. HARRISON, in his 78th year.

On the 3d instant, HENRY DEBERNIERE, aged 49 years.

On the 2d instant, ABRAHAM H. SNYDER, in his 84th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: Every **New** *Subscriber for Next Year, (all of* **1871**), *whose subscription is received during this month of September, shall be presented with the paper for* October (beginning October 8th), November *and* December **without Charge.**

N. B.—Subscribers too distant to respond to this before October 1, will be allowed extra time to send in their names.

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We design commencing the admirable Novelet of

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

In THE POST of October 8th. And in order to stimulate all unfortunate persons who do not take THE POST to enrol themselves on its list, and become as wise and virtuous as those who are already its readers, we make the following

LIBERAL OFFER.

The names of all NEW subscribers for 1871, whose subscriptions reach us by the first of October next, shall be entered on our list at once, and their subscriptions commence with the paper of October 8th—the first of the new story. They will thus receive **THIRTEEN** papers IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871—or **FIFTEEN MONTHS** in all!

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50.	
2 copies,	$4 00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16 00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4 00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect gem of art.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all!

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie.

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor voice of reaper heard
Among the mellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slavery,
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

Fashionable Wedding.

From the Metropolitan we clip the following, which will doubtless be read with interest, especially by those who have never witnessed a truly fashionable wedding in the great city:—

There were one hundred marriages in one day during the last hot term.

Thirty of them were illustrated exhibitions. Full dress and no end of ceremony and pretty things drew crowds of *gamins* to the sidewalk, and curious folks into the galleries. One of these marriages I must describe, because it was supposed to be solemnized to the extent of pious ostentation.

The day was simply awful. The sun was on a spree for certain, and the winds had gone to sleep, and even a Chinese fan could not rouse a breath. Besides, the church, which is usually cold, when every other place is cool, had got overheated, and was in a state of disagreeable, misty warmth, which even the odor of flowers could not drown—and there were enough of the sweet withering blossoms to have exhausted a pretty pile of money for the lavish purchaser—the moldy smell would not be overcome, and it added to the parade of prayers not a little of the medieval sentiment of personal sacrifice.

Blossoms drooped everywhere, and the organ intoned a wail for their withering which was full of tears, but nobody wept, because everybody was too anxious to see the bride to have any other emotion except curiosity.

It is all the fashion just now to keep the audience in suspense as long as possible. This may be maiden modesty and reluctance, but some how, from other indications, I don't believe the delay is ever caused by this feminine quality. However, the waiting was repaid by the after performance. (Forgive me for naming it a performance, but I have no other word for it.)

The bride entered alone, and kept perfect time with her march, somewhat in the stage style, until she reached the altar. Her head was drooped, her hands crossed upon her jewelled breast, with a lace handkerchief in one and a bouquet in the other. She appeared to be unconscious of every surrounding, and probably was (!) Young ladies always are at such moments. After standing before the altar what seemed to be five minutes or five hours, you could not tell which, so very much absorbed was everybody in the singular manner of her entering; and in laying away in memory an inventory of her bridal array, for the pleasuring of young ladies who had not been bidden to this extraordinary ceremony.

By-and-by, another young woman, who was unveiled, entered, and kept up a similar tread toward the altar. Then another, and then another, to the number of twelve. Just as the second walking lady entered, the bride knelt in solemn attitude, and without doubt she prayed for something or other, though she did not look as if she had a worldly wish ungratified, and certainly she was not preparing just at that moment for any other world than this. Number two knelt presently, and then three, and four, until all the thirteen were in the most picturesque attitudes known to devotion, and oh! how their trains did spread!

By-and-by the organ concluded that they had knelt long enough to give full expression to the length of their dresses and the way their back hair was arranged, and all other intents that they had, and it changed its key and played something else which was more hopeful and agreeable, and during the letting up of the wail an elderly man came in with a younger one, and both were in white kids, white vests, and hammer tails cut out of black broadcloth. The younger man was leaning upon the elder one most confidingly, and when they had reached the altar, the clergyman, who seemed to be in collusion with them, came forth by a side door and faced them. The old gentleman gently touched the veiled head of the bride, as much as to say, "My dear daughter, don't pray any more. I've fetched you a right nice husband;" and she looked up, smiled in the sweetest and most pearly manner, as if she should say, "Thank you, father, for supplying all my earthly wants;" then she rose, and the clergyman prayed audibly, while the organ kept on its sweet symphony, and then the usual ceremony of exacting promises was proceeded with, and the father gave her away and immediately retired behind his handkerchief, and into a front pew, as if he were sorry he did it. The questioning and promises appeared to be satisfactory to the officiating gentleman, and he let them off into the matrimonial world as closely tied as ropes of sand could do it, and in utter disregard to the state of the mercury. They went out of the damp and heavy-laden atmosphere of the church, looking as happy as two turtle doves, while the bridesmaids followed, two by two, as much as to declare that they desired the companionship of women only, and that they could not be induced to do so silly a thing as to wed a man.

A long breath, even of these commingled airs, seemed to relieve the audience, and they rose and went forth wiser, if not sadder, for the solemnization of the rite of wedlock.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 17.

MOUNT CARMEL, AND SELF-TORTURE IN WORSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

"And they cried aloud, and cut themselves with knives and lancets," are words that occur in 1st Kings xviii., 28. They refer to the desperate act of the priests of Baal to arouse their God from his apathy, and seeming disregard of his own honor and the earnest petitions of his friends. The locality was Mount Carmel, rising in hoary grandeur above the verdant olive trees and fruitful vineyards whence its Hebrew name is derived; and overlooking the blue heights of Lebanon, the fertile plains of Esdraelon, and beautiful Acre, with its smooth bay and enchanting prospects—a scene rich in attestations of the Creator's matchless power and His abounding love to the children of men. The prophet Isaiah alludes, in chap. xxxv., 2, to the extraordinary fertility of this mountain and its vicinity when describing the benefits of the gospel; he says: "To the desert shall be given the excellency of Carmel." Again, its graceful form supplies the wise man, in Cant. vii., 5, with words of description for the Church, under the symbol of Christ's bride,—"Thine head, upon thee, is like Carmel;" while its rich pastures seem to be alluded to by the prophets Jeremiah (L. 19) and Isaiah (xxxiii9), who class it with Bashan, for green fields and ripe fruits. The northern foot of the mountain approaches very near to the Mediterranean Sea, that receives the waters of Carmel's numerous crystal brooks, among them Kishon; beside which, at the base of the mountain the false prophets met their fearful doom. The Kishon, which rises at the foot of Mount Tabor, (the supposed scene of our Lord's transfiguration), was noted also for the great victory obtained by the Israelites, under Deborah and Barak, over the vast host of Sisera, by which the children of Israel were freed from the grievous yoke they had borne during twenty years subjection to the Canaanites.

On the west of Carmel are many caves and grottoes, some travellers estimating their number at more than a thousand. Most of these are very crooked, and the entrances so narrow as to permit only one person to enter at a time; furnishing thus excellent places of concealment for fugitives. This peculiarity gave rise, doubtless, to the figure in Amos ix., 3, where the Lord, by the mouth of his prophet, says, of the wicked who would evade detection and punishment, "Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence." Both Elijah and Elisha seem often to have availed themselves of the privacy of the caves upon Mount Carmel, not less for retirement and meditation than when fleeing from the malice of their enemies.

The immediate scene of the sacrifice, we can scarcely doubt, to have been on the side of the mount where it descends gradually into the beautiful plains of Esdraelon. Here the declivity of Carmel, its brink dark with woods, and its sides covered with the richest verdure, overlooks a vast extent of country on every side. From the hills of Samaria, Cana, and Gilboa, the miracle might have been witnessed by countless multitudes; and to the eager gaze of the Israelites, the prophets of Baal with their useless altars, and Jehovah's solemn vindication of his great name by the fire that "fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench," were all as distinctly visible as if these solemn scenes had been enacted at their feet.

Here the prophet Elijah had called the Israelites to a solemn decision as to whom they would serve—whether the one living and true God, or the senseless idols, Baal and Astarte, whose gross, sensual worship had been introduced by the wicked Jezebel after her marriage with King Ahab. Baal and Astaroth or Astarte are generally mentioned together, as the worship of the former was seldom unaccompanied by that of his cruel mate. They were the principal divinities of the Phœnicians, Baal having been supposed by some to represent the sun, and Astarte the moon; while others regard them as the god and goddess of good fortune. The name Baal or Bel signifying lord, it came to be used among eastern nations as a general synonym for all male idols, as Astaroth or Astarte was for the female. It is well ascertained, however, that the Phœnicians, Assyrians, Chaldeans and others did worship the sun as Baal, and the moon as Astarte, and erected to them gorgeous altars in groves and high places all over their lands, burning perpetual incense in their honor, and committing all manner of abominations; just such as we see *in our own day* perpetrated in every temple of idolatry. From the ancient Chaldeans sprang the Persian fire-worshippers, who *to this day* reverence and bow down to *the sun* as the only true God, and *fire as his recognized emblem.*

From association with the heathen nations about them, the Hebrews fell readily into the same snare. With the thunders of Sinai still pealing on their ears, the golden calf was set up; and while Jehovah's mighty wonders were yet passing before them, we hear them saying of the senseless images their own hands had fashioned, "*These* be thy gods, oh Israel!"—and despite the terrible judgments with which they were constantly visited for this very sin, we find them on every opportunity relapsing into the worship of false gods—"the sun, the moon, and all the host of heaven" becoming to them objects of adoration, instead of HIM to whom they so often swore allegiance. In the reign of Ahab the worship of Baal was revived with all its abominations—four hundred and fifty priests were appointed to minister at his altar, and nearly as many at that of Astaroth. God's displeasure had been manifested by the three years' famine over all the land; Ahab's fierce wrath was excited against Elijah as the cause of this evil; and now the prophet proposed to the king a trial of power between Israel's God and these heathen idols—the latter represented by four hundred and fifty priests of Baal, and the former by Elijah alone. Then the prophet directed Baal's priests to take a bullock and kill it, and lay it on the altar, and ask of Baal to send down fire to consume their offering; while he would take another prepared in the same way, and pray the Lord God of Israel to send fire from heaven upon his sacrifice. "Now," said Elijah, "call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord, and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God." And all the people said "It is well spoken." The priests of Baal had the first trial; and when the sacrifice was laid in order, they began praying to their god to send down fire; and their zeal seems to have increased in proportion as hope diminished. For at first they only cried out, "O Baal, hear us!" By-the-bye they leaped upon the altar, or danced about it, as they became more excited and more urgent to be heard; and at last, with an energy born of despair, "they cut themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them;" pouring out, to their cruel divinity, a libation of the warm life current as their last desperate resource to rouse him to action. Who, that has any acquaintance with idolatry, ancient or modern, does not recognize in the frenzied fanaticism of these priests of Baal a true picture of the bloody rites of almost every heathen sect? Under the excitement of great grief, love or devotion, it is no uncommon act in the East to cut the person with knives, or inflict other violent wounds in self-torture. The idea is, that as an evidence of properly-excited feeling, such acts are acceptable offerings to both gods and men. Herodotus mentions it as a custom of the Persian Magi, and relates an instance where a fleet being in danger of shipwreck, the Magi, by *making incisions in their flesh*, and offering incantations to the winds assuaged the storm. Plutarch also speaks of the priests of Bellona as *mingling their own blood* with that of the sacrifices to their blood-thirsty divinity.

All through Hindoostan, despite the influence of British rule, and the example and teachings of earnest Christian missionaries, for more than half a century, to this day the mass of the people are still wedded to their superstitions, and continue to practice all manner of self-tortures, by which they hope to obtain the favor of their gods, and make atonement for sin. Some of them roll on the ground after the idol as he is carried in his car around the temple, or through the streets of a city; and instances are not uncommon where devotees make the circuit of an empire, rolling their bodies, or creeping on their hands and knees the entire distance. Some will pass rods of iron through the skin of their sides, and in this painful predicament will jump and dance frantically around the idol—some roll their uncovered bodies over beds of thorns—some stand between two fires till the flesh is literally *baked* on the exposed parts—some stick their breasts, arms, and legs full of pins—some will with one hand cover the under lip with wet earth, and with the other hand sow the earth with small seed, then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and the heavy dews by night, vowing not to move, turn, eat, or drink until the seeds planted on the lip begin to sprout, which takes place usually on the third or fourth day. Some wear huge iron squares around their necks for years—some lie on iron spikes—and some gaze up at the heavens, till the muscles of the throat become so contracted that no aliment but liquids can be taken ever after. One Hindoo made a nine years' journey, *rolling all the way*, from Benares to Cape Cormorin, a distance of about fourteen hundred miles. When he came to a river he forded it, or passed over in a boat; and then rolled on the bank as far as the river was wide, believing that he thus fulfilled his vow to roll all the way. Besides these, hundreds *destroy life* at once by *falling* before the ponderous wheels of their idol cars, throwing themselves down precipices, drowning in the Ganges, and various other equally senseless ways.

What a wretched system is that which demands such fiendish acts of self-torture; and how gladly we turn to the blessed gospel of salvation, with its full and free atonement for sin, its calmly-reverent acts of worship, and its precious tidings of "*Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men!*"

A Montreal Driver.

Have you driven around the mountain? is a question that will be asked you a dozen times an hour in Montreal. Well, we had not, so we hired a chariot and started. Our driver was a Frenchman, very chatty and confidential. Mrs. L., of course, endeavored to air her French, and the coachman endeavored to air his English. It was hard on me, I assure you. He did not understand her, and she did not understand him. He managed, however, to point out the objects of interest—the convents, markets, churches, colleges, and the General Hospital, a very fine building with beautiful grounds, which Mrs. L. (following the guide book) called Hotel Dieu. The ascent of the mountain is so gradual that you are hardly aware of your position when you reach the highest point. The road is kept in good order, but the sides of it are adorned with shanties and pot-houses, and tanneries, and forges, which may be useful, but which certainly take all romance from the ride. Our driver was very voluble in the cemeteries, two of which adorn the mountain. Finding Mrs. L. listening to him attentively, he told us a wonderful yarn.

"Do you see that vault?" said he, pointing to one near us. Mrs. L. nodded her head.

"Two years ago," said he, "a beautiful young lady was buried there. One night, shortly after her funeral, her mother had a bad, a very bad dream about her. She was frightened, so she compelled them to open the vault. They did so, and found everything just as they had left it. But the mother compelled them to open the coffin; they lifted the lid, and it contained nothing but a little white mouse, which had eyes just like the young lady, and a cherry mark on its left shoulder, just as the young lady had."

"What did they do?" queried Mrs. L., her countenance beaming with sympathy.

"The mother," continued he, "took it home, built it a beautiful cage, and kept it."

"Could I see it?" asked Mrs. L.

"See it?" said the Frenchman, scratching his head. "See it? Oh, no! you see, after the girl's death, the mother had obtained a new cat, who did not know the girl, and one day, when the cage was open, the cat devoured the mouse."

Mrs. L. entered the carriage weeping.

The Frenchman dropped a tear.

"Isn't it awful?" said Mrs. L. to me.

"Awful bosh," said I.

"You're a brute," was Mrs. L.'s remark.

We were driven rapidly through the fine streets to the hotel. As I paid the driver, I remarked, "Look here, I'll give you fifty cents if you'll tell me where you got that mouse."

"Seriously?" queried he, grinning.

I informed him that I meant it.

He tapped his forehead as he replied—"All here; but," shrugging his shoulders, "madam likes affecting stories, so I made one."

I never could persuade Mrs. L. that he made any such remark, and she believes in the mouse to this day.

LITTLE FEET.

In castle halls, or cottage homes,
Wherever guileless childhood roams,
O, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,
The purling rill, the organ's power,
All stir the soul, but none so deep
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,
To meet the world and brave its scorn,
Adown the garden walks so neat,
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,
With aching limbs and brow of care,
The voices ring out clear and sweet—
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,
The tools are spirited away;
And when we go the lost to seek,
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death has come
And called the flowerets from our home,
Oppressive silence reigns complete;
We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,
No doors go slamming all the day;
But O, 'twould give us pleasure sweet
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night hath come; all are asleep;
Yes, all but me—I vigil keep.
Hush! hush! my heart, and cease to beat—
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, tearful mother, 'tis the tread
Of him you miss and mourn as dead;
And often in your sweetest sleep,
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And you approach that blissful shore,
The first to run your soul to greet,
Will be your darling's little feet.

Playing with Lightning.

An astonishing title, you will say. Most people are too much afraid of lightning ever to wish to play with it. Yet, from the time of Benjamin Franklin, who drew lightning from the clouds with his kite, down to the present, there have been persons bold enough to treat this wonderful force familiarly, and even playfully.

An English gentleman, named Crosse, caused several miles of telegraph wire to be extended through his park, and was then able to collect a large amount of electricity, even in ordinary weather; but at the time of a thunder shower he could have a regular storm of lightning in his laboratory.

Here, in immense Leyden jars, the electric fluid was stored for future use. Over the receiver were written as a warning, the words, "*Noli me tangere,*" which is the Latin for

"Don't touch me!"

One day, a maid went into the room to sweep and dust it. She touched the receiver, and at once received so severe a shock as to be thrown flat on her back. She complained bitterly to her employer, who, however, was as cross as his name, for had he not warned her not to touch the instrument?

"Yes," she said, "but if there was any harm in it, why had he written up "No danger?" (which was her rendering of the Latin.)

A similar story is told of two operators on the electric telegraph. They were having a little chat over the wires, but, after a time fell into a violent dispute. A thunder shower coming up, the electricity ran along the wires, and knocked one of the men off his seat.

Fancying the other had struck him, he picked himself up, exclaiming, "Who'd have thought the fellow would get angry?"

Mr. Pepper, the ingenious inventor of scientific amusements at the Polytechnic Institution in London, has constructed a monster lightning-machine, by which the appearance of a thunder storm may be produced at pleasure. It consists of a powerful galvanic battery, with a primary wire of copper, thirty-seven hundred and seventy yards in length, covered with cotton. Around this is coiled the secondary wire, (along which the electric current passes) which is bound up with silk, and which is one hundred and fifty miles in length.

Previously, the largest instrument of this kind in existence had a secondary wire only seven miles long, and the longest spark that could be obtained was nine inches.

The coil of the new machine ends in "terminals," one of which is a point, the other a disc of polished metal. When these terminals are twenty-nine inches apart, the electric current passes from the point to the disc, with a blinding glare, and a loud report. When more distant, the spark refuses to make the leap; when near together the flash is without noise. In either case, when the spark does pass, it will pierce through five inches thickness of solid plate glass.

When first tried, the machine almost destroyed itself. It melted the platinum, and burned up the brass of what is called the "brake." But the difficulty was obviated by a "condenser," formed of a number of small plates of insulated tin-foil, which affords a reservoir for the primary current, and prevents the injury caused by the sudden rush of the electric fluid.

Now the instrument is used without danger, and lightning is produced, night after night, for the amusement of unterrified crowds.

Music.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says:—"There is no doubt that music—not vocal alone, but instrumental—should be introduced into all our public schools as regularly and as systematically as algebra and prayers. The pianoforte especially should be given over to boys, whom it will chasten and refine, but whom it cannot corrupt, like the violin, which ought to be surrendered to the girls. The fiddle, as a masculine instrument, is the devil's recruiting officer. But a lad cannot stick a piano under his arm and gad about skylarking and drinking, dancing and making a donkey of himself. Besides, no girl has the nervous strength and muscular agility sufficient to excel on the piano, whilst every girl of musical taste is equal to the violin. The instruments and their devotees should be reversed, and thus the one might be made a moral teacher and the other an element of harmless beauty and grace."

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

The Thames Embankment.

One of the subjects which is at present attracting the deepest attention in Europe, is the condition of the rivers and streams which pass through the great cities. Hitherto, these waterways have been regarded as mere sewers, into which might be cast all the filth and garbage produced by a dense population. Now, however, sanitarians and others see the errors which have been committed in this respect, and the most earnest efforts are made to rectify former blunders. It is well to call the attention of our American cities to this point. Young, and as yet untrammelled, it will be easy to avoid these mistakes, and so arrange our means of getting rid of all sewage that our rivers may remain objects of beauty, and not sources of disease.

London has long presented an unfavorable contrast with that of almost any other great capital of Europe. The Seine, in Paris, is enclosed by quays; even the comparatively insignificant Liffy is bounded at each side, as it passes through Dublin, by massive, well-built walls of granite. Yet the Thames might easily have been made one of the grandest features of the British metropolis. Napoleon III. may raise vast streets of palatial structures in Paris; but no amount of artistic taste, no expenditure, however lavish, can ever bestow on that city so magnificent an adornment as may now be fairly expected from even the portion of the Thames embankment which has now been completed. Not the least gorgeous of the details found in the sketches by which artists have endeavored to portray the mighty cities of Assyria in their glory, are to be seen in the splendid terraces and spacious flights of steps which border the rivers that flow through them. The Thames embankment will bring vividly to mind these, and the most striking portions of Turner's "Building of Carthage by Dido."

So far from the Thames having been hitherto an advantage and an ornament to London, it has long been a source of disease and a reproach; it has been a vast cess-pool, into which were discharged the sewers of an enormous city. The immense deposits of offensive matter thus formed, and uncovered at low water, constituted the prolific sources of miasma calculated to render the surrounding atmosphere unfitted for the support of human life. Some idea may be formed of the extent of these putrid swamps, from the fact that in the centre of the city the river, at high tide, is fully one-third wider than at either London or Vauxhall bridge. The thousands of acres thus deserted twice daily by the river must, of necessity, under the scorching rays of the summer's sun, produced a pestilential effect. In the same part also are situated the most miserable and dilapidated buildings to be seen on the river's banks.

Almost insurmountable obstacles long opposed every attempt at improvement. The necessity for extensive coal wharves, until recently, would have rendered the expense of a Thames embankment intolerable, notwithstanding the value of the land which would be reclaimed. But the coal wharves are now, in a great degree, rendered unnecessary by the numerous railway depots which have been established. Thanks to a combination of favorable circumstances, not the least important of which is the exclusion of the sewage that so long polluted the waters of a river which, in former times, justly obtained the appellation of the 'Silver Thames." London will soon be able to point with pride to a river view unequalled in Europe for extent and embellishment. Even on the score of health, the magnificent promenade now constructed is of the highest importance; and the varied and animated appearance it must undoubtedly present, will hereafter constitute one of the chief attractions of the metropolis.

The embankment on both sides of the river ultimately is contemplated; not, perhaps, below Blackfriars Bridge, on account of the immense value of the wharves in that portion of the shore; or, at any rate, not without providing means for introducing barges within the embankment, so that they may be discharged at the various warehouses. A similar provision has been secured for the gas-works adjoining Blackfriars Bridge. The distance between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridge, 7,000 feet in length, comprises the extent of the present work. The work is of the most solid construction, with the exception of the portion just mentioned near Blackfriars Bridge, which is a viaduct sustained on columns that will allow the barges to pass underneath.

There can be no doubt that the portion of the embankment between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges—that which is seen in the cut, for which we are indebted to "*The Engineering and Mining Journal*"—is by far the most striking; it possesses, indeed, features that confer on it extraordinary magnificence. Behind, at the commencement of it, appear the gardens of Whitehall Place and Buccleuch House, as also the wooded grounds of Northumberland House. Beyond Hungerford Bridge is seen the imposing and, no doubt, at some future time, beautiful elevation of the Adelphi Terrace. Here it is to be noticed that the artist has represented the background, rather as there is good reason to suppose it will be, than what is actually existing at present. At the Adelphi, especially, artistic skill can avail its if of circumstances most favorable to the production of truly splendid effects—noble flights of steps, hanging gardens, and magnificent structures, replacing the Adelphi Buildings, might conspire to produce a view which nowhere could be rivaled. Inigo Jones's beautiful watergate, at the foot of Buckingham street, will come in use once more. Beyond Waterloo Bridge, also, there will be several interesting features. Somerset—thanks, it would seem, to the forethought of the architect—is at length placed in a fitting point of view. The library and gardens of the Temple likewise add greatly to the beauty of that portion of the embankment.

The roadway is made extremely spacious; it is to be about 80 feet wide in the narrowest parts, and between Westminster Bridge and the Temple 100 feet. A number of lamp pedestals, each with a bronze lion head and a mooring ring of hammered gun metal, are erected on the outer edge of the embankment. There are, too, noble flights of steps leading down to the water, some formed in indentations; others projecting into the river, and flanked with piers and pedestals surmounted by statues, etc. The stairs at the Adelphi are constructed sixty feet wide.

The unsightly steamboat piers have given place to handsome jetties and landing-places, which will have the advantage of being in direct communication with cabs and omnibuses, etc. As the embankment projects considerably into the river, there will be water at all times of the tide for steamboats to lie close to it. Where there are neither steps nor jetties, its edges will be surmounted by a fine balustrade.

This new thoroughfare will, it is evident, greatly relieve the present crowded streets; but to obtain from it as much advantage as possible, a number of new approaches to it are found necessary. Hence, not only are the present streets leading from the strand to the river made available, but several new streets are opening in various directions, and the roadway of the embankment will probably be continued in an oblique line from its termination at Blackfriars Bridge to the Mansion House.

Effect of High Heels.

The adoption of knickerbockers, if they do become the fashion (and there are many indications that the popular taste is inclining that way), will have a rather singular effect on boots and shoes. High heels will immediately go out of fashion, and for this reason—because *calves* will come in. It is not generally known that the two are incompatible. The best pair of calves ever yet displayed by a footman would be sacrificed in one month to a pair of high-heeled boots. All footmen wear shoes with no heels, and the product is calves, inasmuch as the natural action of the muscles in connection with the heel of the foot tends to bring the fleshy part of the leg downwards into its proper position. A pair of high heels to boots causes these muscles to remain in a permanent state of contraction, and the result is, no calves. Calves are consequently within the reach of those who will carry a low and humble heel.—*English paper.*

COLD AND QUIET.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Cold, my dear—cold and quiet,
In their cups on yonder lea,
Cowslips fold the brown bee's diet;
So the moss enfoldeth thee.
"Plant me, plant me, O love, a lilly flower—
Plant at my head, I pray you, a green tree;
And when our children sleep," she sighed,
"at the dusk hour,
And when the lily blossoms, O come out to me!"

Lost, my dear? Lost, nay deepest
Love is that which loseth least;
Through the night-time when thou sleepest,
Still I watch the shrouded east.
Near thee, near thee, my wife that nye liveth,
"Lost" is no word for such a love as mine;
Love from her past to me a present giveth,
And love itself doth comfort, making pain divine.

Rest, my dear, rest. Fair showeth
That which was, and not in vain
Sacred have I kept, God knoweth,
Love's last words atween us twain.
"Hold by our past, my only love, my lover;
Fall not, but rise, O love, by loss of me!"
Boughs from our garden, white with bloom, hang over.
"Love, now the children slumber, I come out to thee!"

All Things for the Best.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The stage stopped in front of the tavern, but "mine host," when he stepped out into the dimly lighted street, did not at first recognize the face of the driver.

"Good God!" he uttered, at last, in tones of the deepest surprise; "how comes it that you are holding the lines, Master Stephen? Any thing happened to Billy?"

"I left him in ———, dead from cholera; and as there was no one there well enough to take his place, I drove the horses over here myself, as I'd like to look after my people, from whom I have not heard for a week."

"Like as not they're all dead—every body dies now—though I haven't heard for certain."

At any other time the speech would have been heartless; as it was—the cholera raging, and people dying in such appalling numbers that the only question of practical interest remaining was, how to bury them quickest out of sight—it fell almost unheeded on the ear of the young man, who was already pursuing his way in the direction of his father's house. No answer came to his loud knocking; and though he could see through the closed window-shutter no light that suggested a watch with the sick or dying, still the very silence that reigned might be the silence of death. Again his vigorous knock sounded on the door-panel; a window on the opposite side of the street was raised, and a voice spoke:

"Who is it knocking there? If it is Mr. Black, the undertaker, there is nothing to fetch away, in that house; but you may come back to-morrow and take something from this. Do you understand? Come back to-morrow; there will be something in this house for you then."

"Hattie!" exclaimed the young man. "Goodness be praised that you are still awake. Tell me—"

"What! Stephen? How did you come here—and why do you come now, when we are all about to die?"

"Come down, Hattie; open the door, and tell me—" Again she interrupted him:

"You don't know what you are saying. What have you to do in this house of death? Leave the town, as quickly as you can; it is no joke to die, after all—particularly when one is still young. My aunt died first; then the little lame tailor, down-stairs; after that, my poor little brother—and now it is my turn. But no one need look on when I die; for it is an ugly sight, and no one can help. Still, I am glad to have seen you once more, Mr. Ringold; so good-night, and when you see Sophy—"

"For the love of heaven, Hattie, what has become of my people? If it is the worst, let me know it."

"You may rest easy; they went out to Sophy's, three days ago. She and her husband, the minister, would give them no rest till your mother consented; and, when your father still refused to leave his townsmen in their distress, your mother pretended to feel the symptoms of the epidemic coming on her; and so they both went with your sister. They wanted to take me, too; but my aunt was not yet buried. Your mother wrote you all about it, though; did yet not get the letter?"

"Not a line. But about yourself, Hattie; it must have been dreadful for you—your aunt and brother both dead!"

"Yes," replied the girl at the window, in a tone which for the first time struck Stephen as singularly tranquil and apathetic; "it *was* dreadful. I am glad my time has come at last—that I can go to a place where I can sleep, and need not smell the vinegar and fumigating stuff any more, nor hear the continual crying and groaning. As there is no one left to mourn for me, it makes no difference how soon I go. I *had* wished to see you once more; but it is dark now, and I can only see your white hat. Good-by, Mr. Ringold, and don't quite forget—"

"Stop talking nonsense, Hattie," said Stephen, half compassionately, half angrily; "come down and open the door for me. I am hungry, and can get nothing to eat at the tavern."

There was silence at the window for a little while; then Hattie's voice came down again:

"It will not do, Mr. Ringold; it would not be proper, as I am all alone in the house. And then I am pretty certain that my turn to die will come long before morning, and I should like to be alone then, without anyone to look on. You had better find lodging somewhere else."

"I insist that you open the door for me," repeated Stephen, firmly; "a pretty time, this, to speak of what is proper! It would not be Christian-like to leave you in that old box of a house, with your fancies of dying to-night. Open the door; if you are not tired, we will put the house and your belongings in order, so that I can get a conveyance, as soon as day breaks, and take you to my sisters."

"Very well," was the tranquil reply; "it's all the same, proper or not; our Father in Heaven will judge of that, in a day or two. Wait till I get a light."

Soon Hattie pushed back the bolt, and stood on the threshold, shading the light with her hand. It was a year since Stephen had seen her, and the girl had grown taller, and oh! so thin and pale. Her eyes, once dancing so merrily, stood large and still under the heavily shading lashes, and the little, pale mouth was closed tightly, as though it meant never to smile again. Her dress was queer enough—thrown on in the dark, evidently, and without regard to fitness or beauty. A scant, woollen skirt, much too short, and a brown jacket, a great deal too large, covered her; and her feet were encased in thick, woollen stockings, and thrust into delicate dancing-shoes. On her head was a night-cap, from under which straggled her full, brown hair. To add to her weirdly comical appearance, there sat a large, black cat perched on her shoulder, his head pressed close against her cheek. The girl herself did not seem to feel what a spectacle she presented, but composedly scanned the young man's face, saying, as she held out her hand—

"Good-evening, Mr. Ringold; it is really you, then—I thought perhaps it was only another hallucination."

Her hand was thin and cold, and she soon withdrew it, to lock the door again; and then led the way up-stairs, in a languid, weary manner.

"Which room will you go into?" she asked, on the landing; death has been in all of them. Perhaps aunty's room is best—it does not smell of vinegar there. She liked the smell of juniper berries better, so we burned them in her room. Oh, the room has been put in order by my own hands: they shall not say, when they come to take me out of the house, that I was negligent."

"Poor Hattie!" he said, entering the room; "I can not tell you how I pity you. But why do you act so like a stranger to me, and call me Mr. Ringold? Have we not been playfellows from infancy up?"

"I had resolved to do so, since—since—" a slight flush passed over her face. "But as you choose, Stephen; it's all the same now. It will soon be over."

"By no means," said Stephen, taking her hands in his; "all that is the matter with you—I see it now—is, that you lack food, and drink, and fresh air. You poor child—I can well imagine that the tears and the sighs you have had to swallow down left you little leisure to think of food to sustain your bodily strength."

"It may be. I have often eaten nothing but a spoonful of soup, at noon, these last ten days; Lizzie, our old cook, made me take that. But she went away, yesterday, and has not returned; so I suppose she went to the hospital to die. Since then I have been sitting up-stairs, with Peter, here, on my lap to keep me warm, and to have something living beside me, when death should approach."

"And instead of death, *I* have come to drive those gloomy thoughts away. Here in my carpet-bag is a bottle of old port wine, that I had bought for my father. Give me a couple of glasses, and look for something to eat—we both need it."

She looked absently into the flame of the candle, as if thinking of something far away; and then sighing deeply, she took up the light and left the room—Peter still sitting on her shoulder. Stephen was glad when the girl entered the room again.

"There is nothing in the house but stale bread, a few eggs, and other material for cooking. I might make a fire in the kitchen, and cook you something to eat—but it was there that aunty was taken sick while making poultices for little Fred; and Lizzie said she had seen the little cholera-man, in person, sitting behind the range. I know that was nonsense; but she said he had a gray beard, and a wart on his forehead—and I have been afraid to go there since. Wait a moment—there are crackers in the side-board—you can dip them in your wine."

He passed Hattie her glass.

"No," she said; you drink. Why should I? It would only make it harder for me to die."

"Hattie," exclaimed the young man, a little impatiently," you will drink of this. A truce to your foolish talk about dying now—it is wicked. Of course, you do not look as rosy just now as you once did, but a few weeks spent in the country with my people will soon drive the recollection of the past horror from your brain."

The few drops she had drank of the wine seemed already to have put her to sleep; at least she opened her eyes only with great difficulty while she spoke.

"It is easy enough for you to say that, Stephen; but you don't know what a dread I have always had of coming in contact with death; for you know that father died away from home, and I was with aunty when mother died. The lame tailor's was the first corpse I saw; and his face was so serene that I thought it could not be so hard to die, after all. Just then, Freddie came home, whistling and shouting, because they had vacation at school for an indefinite period; and I scolded him for being so noisy, when the good tailor, who had made his pretty new clothes, was lying dead. O dear! his shouting was soon over; and he kept crying, in his agony, and begging that I should not let him die alone. 'You must hold my hand, and go with me,' he said—and I promised. But when it grew dark before his eyes, he said, 'Hattie, you are leaving me, and I have to go alone.' They were his last words—but I still hear him crying, night and day. Perhaps I could forget it all again, some day, if I could only have cried; but even when my dear aunty died, I had not a tear for her. It was frightful to see her wagging her chin, and hear her chattering, and see her jerking her fingers up and down on the counterpane,

as if she was playing the piano: it made my hair stand on end, and I could not get rid of the sight, even after she had been buried. And just when I had closed her eyes, and was tired to death, and old Lizzie had laid me on the lounge to rest, some one came to the door and wanted to speak to me. It was the servant of the Auditor, my betrothed—"

"The Auditor—your betrothed—you are engaged to be married, then, Hattie?"

"Yes—or I was; it's all the same now," she continued, monotonously, as though speaking of something in which she was not the least concerned. "His name was Hector, and I did not want him at all, because he reminded me of the bull-terrier aunty once had: his name was Hector, too; and he had just such round, blue eyes. But aunt said I had better have him; so he gave me a ring to wear, and my aunt said I must give him one in return. I always hated to see it on his finger; and when his servant said, 'The Auditor sends his compliments, and he died last night at two o'clock, and he requested that this ring should be returned to Miss Hattie.' I said, 'Give it to me, quick.' But all at once a cold shudder ran through me; I had put the ring from a dead man's hand on my finger—and now I was affianced to Death itself, and I must follow."

She was silent, her eyes were closed, and horror seemed to have choked her voice; Stephen passed his hand softly over her icy cheek.

"You are superstitious; here, drink this wine, and go to sleep. The Auditor is dead—so much the better. Drink this, now; it will give you strength."

"It is too late; perhaps, if you had come to me sooner—but no, you had already forgotten me, the last time you came home to see your mother—"

"What do you say, Hattie? I had forgotten my little playmate! You know I was sick, when I was here last, and could not go out."

"Yes, you had taken cold. *I* would have gone through fire and water to see you, or to take your hand, only. But it's all the same, now; my sorrow commenced then, and all that happened later only hastened my death—but it had been in my heart, since I knew you had forgotten me."

She spoke as if she were in a trance, or under some magnetic influence—her face and form alike immovable. A deep pity stirred Stephen's heart; and he could with difficulty restrain himself from throwing his arms around her, to draw her to his breast, as he would have done a child, frightened and benumbed with cold.

"I wrote it all in a letter, yesterday, when I knew my time had come. You will find it in my aunt's *secretaire*; and another paper, on which I had written that you are to have all my things after my death. I thought, perhaps, the court would allow it; though I did not quite know how to write such a document. Let me drink once again; I think I could fall asleep then, without the least pain, and never wake up again."

While he was still leaning against the table, bewildered from what he had just heard, she had gained the door, with slow, dragging steps, holding Peter fast in her arms; and when Stephen made a move to hold her back, she said:

"No—I am tired to death, and I want to go to my room, to be alone when I die."

Stephen seemed in a dream, when she had closed the door behind her.

"Hattie!" he called aloud, long after she had left him. "Hattie—is it true? have I been so blind—and have you so loved me?"

But no answer came through the silent night, save the rumbling of the hearse, as it stopped at a neighboring house for its ghastly freight, and then returned, like an evil spirit, to the gloom and darkness from whence it had come. He closed the window, and throwing himself on the wide, old-fashioned lounge, he covered the old, yellow shawl, once the property of Hattie's aunt, over his feet.

He had not lain thus very long, when a soft, rustling noise was audible just outside the door. He had scolded Hattie for being superstitious, a little while ago: was he growing so himself, now? Nearer and nearer came the mysterious noise, the door was softly opened, and Hattie stood in it. The cap had slid down from her head, and her hair was hanging loose over the white robe that had taken the place of the brown jacket. Close behind her was Peter, rubbing his head against her bare feet.

"You are not asleep yet? Do not be angry with me for disturbing you—but it seemed so dreadful, all at once, to die up there, quite alone, and I thought that perhaps it might be cold in the grave, too—is it so? All my blood seems turning to ice. May I sit in the corner, on the lounge, one moment, and wrap that shawl around me, to get warm? O, Stephen, must I really die so soon?"

He had raised himself, and had taken her hand in his, to warm it.

"Hattie," he said, tenderly, "you will live long and happily."

"No"—she shook her head wearily—"that can never be."

Shivering, she drew her feet up on the sofa, and covered them with the shawl, leaning back till her shoulder touched his breast. He laid his arm around her.

"Try and get warm; do you suffer pain?"

"Only here"—she put her hand on her heart; and then, suddenly, large drops gathered in her eyes, as if the touch of his hand had broken the ice-rind that had penned up the tears in her heart these many days, and her sobs came convulsively, shaking her worn-out frame.

"Hattie, my own precious darling," he whispered. The sobs ceased.

"It is too late, Stephen—too late. Still, it is sweet to hear you speak so—it stills the dreadful pain at my heart. Do you know why I could not die, up there in my room? It would not let me rest; I wanted to kiss you, only once, before I could die. I thought I should find you asleep; I had meant to take just one kiss, and then go back to die."

He raised her head, and laid his lips on her soft, half-opened mouth; while she breathed hard, like one almost famished, drawing in fresh life.

"Thanks," she said, almost inaudibly; and she dropped her arms from his neck, and glided down on the lounge, her head falling back, her arm hanging over the cushion, till the little hand almost touched the floor. Then he arose softly, and stepped carefully over her, down from the lounge, moving her body till she was in a comfortable position. Silently he watched her slumbers, lightly passing his hand over her soft hair at times, to make sure that this was all no idle vision, no mocking dream. Of the fact that the girl, sleeping here so placidly, belonged to him now, there was no doubt in his mind; the only wonder seemed to be that he had not claimed the treasure long, long since. It cost him a severe effort not to wake her out of her sleep, to hear once more the confession that had opened the windows of his heart, and let in the warm light of his first love.

How could that other man ever have dared to hope? Preposterous! Stephen said, as he touched the heavy braids that fell over the lounge on to the floor once more, before his own eyelids drooped, and he too slept. The early sunshine did not break his sleep; but he heard the tramp of horses and the rattle of wheels at the door; and before he had time to look out at the window, loud knocks from the front door rang through the house. With deep concern he watched Hattie's face, to see if she had been disturbed, before hastening to the door.

It was the half-brother of Hattie's aunt, who had been informed, through Sophy's husband, that his sister was dead, and his niece still in the plague-stricken city. He had brought his wagon, and his intention was to take Hattie to the country with him. That Hattie should be removed, and at once, Stephen gladly consented to; but he suggested that Sophy's would be the place to take her to, as it was farther into the mountains, and Hattie felt like a sister toward her. It was not hard to persuade the uncle, who was still stupefied with grief for his sister's and little Freddie's death, and the look he had taken at Hattie's face, supernaturally white and still, in lethargic sleep. Without hesitancy, Stephen went up-stairs into Hattie's room, carried down all the bedding he could find, and spread it in the bottom of the wagon. Next, he proceeded to gather up such articles of clothing as came under his hands; and in the course of his researches he came to a little press, containing a hundred worthless trifles, such as school-girls, playing with their dolls, might treasure up. There was a string of glass beads, an old almanac, a knife with broken blade, and a book from which he had read to Hattie, years ago. Half a dozen letters, written to her when he first went to college, dropped out of the book; the almanac contained his name, in his own handwriting, and the string of glass beads had been bought at a Fair, and given by him to Hattie, years ago. When he began to pack the wagon, he found willing hands to assist him, on all sides; young and old had some good word to say of Hattie, and the untiring devotion with which she had nursed relatives, friends and neighbors. In the room, Hattie was still fast asleep; nor did she waken when Stephen, her uncle, and a neighbor carried her down the stairs and laid her carefully in the wagon. Peter had followed the *cortege* to the door, and seemed inclined to follow Hattie to the wagon; but unmindful of the cozey naps he had enjoyed in her lap, he turned, at the last moment, and withdrew sulkily into the house.

When the brisk-trotting horses had left the walls of the city behind, and were ambling along through smiling fields and green trees, Stephen turned to look at the sleeper, and gave a sigh of relief to see a light dash of color already creeping into her cheeks. Hour after hour she slept, while the uncle had a score of cases to relate, in which people had been saved from impending illness, perhaps death, by the power of long, uninterrupted sleep. Stephen agreed with all the old gentleman's views on this point; still, when they halted for some time to rest, and refresh the horses, he stepped stealthily up to the wagon, drew aside the cover, just a little, and called Hattie softly by name. She ought to take something to eat, he said; but the hypocrite knew very well that that was not what he wanted her to wake up for; he could find no peace till he was sure that she would adhere, in broad daylight, to what she had confessed when she believed herself dying in the night.

At dusk the wagon rolled into the garden surrounding the parsonage; and Sophy, who was coming out of the house with loud greetings for her brother, was instantly checked by the finger Stephen laid on his lip. His mother came out too, and together they wept when Stephen told them in what a deplorable condition he had found poor Hattie; omitting, of course, the part of the tale that interested him most. When the sleeper had been removed from the wagon to the bed in her room, she seemed for a moment on the point of waking up; but she only asked for water, drank without opening her eyes, and immediately sank into sleep again.

Sophy slept in the room with her; and the next morning the entire family, including Stephen's father and Sophy's husband, were in the breakfast-room, anxiously awaiting the appearance of Sophy and her friend. But Sophy came alone, with troubled face and discouraging accounts of Hattie's mental condition. Early in the morning, she said, Hattie had waked up, and, raising herself in bed, had looked around her wildly, asking for her aunt, and how she had come to this strange place. Gently as possible, Sophy had recalled to her mind what had taken place; but, apparently, without heeding or understanding her, Hattie had suddenly buried her face in the pillow, and cried till Sophy thought she must be utterly exhausted. Thinking that these hours of weeping had brought her relief, and a feeling of thankfulness for dangers escaped from, Sophy had been surprised beyond measure to find that an inexplicable rigidness had taken possession of her, against which the kindest, most loving words were of no avail. She professed to feel in good health, but said she could not leave the room, and begged that no one, not even Stephen's mother, should be admitted to her. Stephen's father, who was always ready to grumble about the "women with their whims and notions," was contradicted by Sophy, who said she feared worse for the mind of the poor child that had gone through such dreadful trials and fatigues.

Stephen said never a word; but there was no doubt in his mind that the dread of meeting him actuated Hattie in her refusal to see any one. What she had said to him in the hour she had fancied her last, had been as a sacred bequeathal in her estimation—a testament, or last will; and now coming back to life again, it might well seem to her as a desecration of her most holy feelings—an irreparable breach of all she had been taught to consider fitting and maidenly.

Toward evening, watching his sister's absence, with sudden resolve he stepped into Hattie's room. She sat near the window, at work on a black dress she had commissioned Sophy to buy for her; when the door opened, she turned her head, thinking to see Sophy enter. But hardly had she recognized Stephen's form, when she dropped the sewing from her hands, and fled to the farthest corner of the room. Covering her eyes with one hand, she raised the other beseechingly, repeating confusedly, "Please not! Oh! please not!"

"Hattie," he cried, "is life to separate again what death had brought so near together? Why do you suddenly despise me, so that you have not a single word for me? Look up at me, only once, to read in my eyes how fully I value the treasure I had found, and how wretched it will make me to hear you recall what seemed to lift my soul to heaven."

As though she had neither heard nor understood his words, she continued to plead wildly, shrinking farther into the corner, "Please not! Oh! please not!"

Disconsolately he left the room, still hesitating to confide to any one what he thought the reason for Hattie's singular manner. It was Saturday, and when the children had been put to bed, and the family were in the sitting-room together, Stephen resolved to tell his secret to his friends, and leave the place at once. Time, he trusted, and the wise counsel of his mother and sister, would ultimately bring to Hattie's mind a more tranquil and reasonable view of the case. His mother agreed with him; but Sophy, with her quick wits, had already formed a plan, which she felt sure would succeed. Her husband at first rather objected to acting his part in the play, but she overruled him with "Christian" reasons for taking the *role* assigned him.

Early on Sunday morning, Sophy, who still slept in the same room with Hattie, asked her if she would not like to go to church and hear the sermon, which was to be a very beautiful one. Raising her head a very little, Hattie owned to a wish to hear the sermon, but said she could not go out among the people yet, and they all must have patience with her a little longer.

"Of course we will have patience with you, Hattie; I am only sorry for my brother; he is going away, and he will take the impression with him that you dislike him, and therefore avoid to come among us."

Hattie's face was burning red, and averting it, she faltered:

"How could I dislike him, when he has been so good to me? I would give my life to serve him, but I cannot see him. Don't ask me why; but tell him to forget me. I am not worthy that he should care for me."

"You are a child, and a sick one at that: do as you choose. But I was going to say—if you want to hear the sermon to-day without going to church, you can go into the little summer-house, there, at the end of that walk; if you open the lattice-windows you can hear every word that is spoken on the chancel when the church-windows are open."

When the church-bells rang, the lone mourner at the window, from behind the curtains, watched all the family—the children in front—pass through the garden, down to the little gate that communicated with the church-yard. Stephen, walking beside his mother, looking pale, and held his face downward—a deep sadness on his features, that made Hattie's eyes run over with tears. When they were out of sight, she took heart and stepped into the garden. Like one risen from a bed of sickness, she lingered near the fragrant flowers, inhaling their perfume with an intensely appreciating gratefulness.

The Sabbath morning sun was so overpoweringly luminous, that she stopped and closed her eyes at every other step, dazzled by the light. She seemed almost to lose her breath, and she sat down tremblingly, when she reached the summer-house, where she devoutly folded her hands and listened to the last reverberating sound of the bell, and the first deep, full notes of the organ. Grandly they swept by her, on the breeze laden with the perfume of the sweet-brier, and stirring the soft shadows of the vines and branches that played at her feet. She felt like a wanderer, who for many days has suffered burning heat, and bitter frost, on rough, jagged roads, and, foot-sore and weary, has found a place to rest and wash away all traces of dust and fatigue, in the sunny, green shade and the waves of swelling music.

A heavy load seemed lifting from her heart, as she listened to the words of the minister, who preached from the text: that all things are for the best, to those who love God. He went on to show that even the epidemic, which was wasting the land, had brought out the love, the power of self-sacrifice, the warm, human sympathy in hearts that would otherwise have grown callous and indifferent to their fellow-creatures' suffering—their poorer neighbors' very existence. As an earthquake, that destroys the houses, but brought to the light of day healing springs, from which the whole land derived benefit, so the blessings that this affliction had brought would reach down to generations to come, in some of its consequences. When the sermon had been closed with a prayer, the worthy clergyman communicated to his attentive congregation, that this time of great tribulation had brought together two hearts, that had formed their tie for life in the face of death—illustrating again that "to those who love the Lord, all things are for the best."

Hattie held her breath: how like her own story that *might* have been. Who might she be—the happy, loved one—who had found her lover "in the face of death?"

A giddiness came over her, suddenly, when she heard her own name spoken on the chancel, and Stephen's coupled with it. When she had regained strength, she tried to rise from her seat, but fell forward into the arms of a gray-bearded man, who had come up the walk, muttering, and chiding the girl who was so full of whims that she avoided the church on the day her own name was called from the pulpit. As punishment for this omission, he claimed the first kiss of the newly betrothed; and, when Hattie could be persuaded to open her eyes again, there was some one in the summer-house with her, besides the gray-bearded man.—*Overland Monthly.*

☞ A new and fearful warning is held up to tea-drinkers. A savant has discovered that when we pour milk into a cup of tea or coffee the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea instantly unite and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of the tanned hide, and which makes it leather as distinguishable from the original skin. He consequently estimates that in the course of a year, a tea-drinker of average capacity imbibes enough leather to make a pair of shoes.

☞ As an illustration of the vicissitudes of mining towns, it is stated that Cedar Junction, Montana, has 148 houses, in which once resided 1 300 people, whose numbers are now reduced to 36, giving them an average of four houses each.

French Revolutions.

Within the last seventy-five years, France has been three times a republic, three times an imperial monarchy under the Bonapartes, three times a Bourbon kingdom, once a constitutional monarchy under Louis Philippe, and once a military dictatorship under Cavaignac. But even that statement does not show all the changes in the form of government within the period named. The first Napoleon was Consul for a term of years, then Consul for life, then Emperor. Louis Napoleon was first President, then President for ten years, then President for life, then Emperor. Of all these various forms of government the republics have been the shortest lived, with the single exception of the "hundred days" of the first Napoleon, from March to June, 1815. The duration of the rule of Louis Napoleon from 1848 to 1870, as President and Emperor, was the longest of all; and next to that was the reign of the "constitutional king," Louis Philippe, from 1830 to 1848. Of those who were sovereigns for life, or who have held executive power for a specified term of years in France, from the days of Louis XV. down to the present time, only one man, Louis XVIII., reached the end of his term. Louis XVI. died on the scaffold; his "republican" successors were either guillotined or assassinated: the First Consul declared himself Emperor and then died in exile; Charles X. was driven from the throne by the revolution of 1830 and died in exile; Louis Philippe was dethroned by the revolution of 1848, and ended his career as an exile; the provisional republic of Lamartine, which succeeded him, was a short-lived failure, succeeded by the Military Dictatorship of Cavaignac; then came the Presidency of Louis Napoleon, which was ended by his coup d'etat of December, 1851, to be followed by the "Empire" in December, 1852, and this, after a lapse of eighteen years, is followed by captivity, dethronement, and exile in 1870.

☞ A fool of either sex is the hardest animal to drive that ever required a bit. Better one who jumps a fence now and then than your sulky, stupid donkey, whose rhinoceros back feels neither pat nor goad.

☞ Machinery has recently been invented in England which weaves from the hair of cats and rabbits a sort of velvet tissue, distinguishable from silk, but not inferior in fineness and beauty.

☞ When Theodore L. Cuyler asked Dr. Skinner, in the presence of a company, who was the greatest preacher he had ever heard, the response was quick as thought: "Lyman Beecher on the Government of God, was the most tremendous discourse I ever listened to." It was at the end of that sermon that Lyman Beecher was heard to answer, in response to an inquiry made as he descended the pulpit as to how long it took him to prepare that sermon—"About forty years, sir."

☞ A man at Hagerstown, Md., has starved himself to death, under a religious delusion. He fasted 960 hours, showing a most remarkable tenacity of life.

☞ A census-taker in the District of Quiboy, Mich., has succeeded in floating a man who, although married for several years, has never been curious enough to ask the maiden name of his wife.

☞ A crowd gathered at the Pique (Ohio) Railroad station the other day to see Gen. Grant. As the train was moving off, an old gentleman asked: "Who did they say that man is?" "That is Gen. Grant, our President." "Oh," said the old fellow, "it is, is it? Well, stranger, you see I've not been about town much, and don't pay much attention to the newspapers, and know but little about these things. What might his politics be?"

☞ According to the returns of the Assistant Marshal, the present population of Washington is 111,195. This shows an increase of 82 per cent. during the last ten years. This increase of population has been fully matched by an increase of the business of the city—more first-class residences having been constructed here during the past two years than during the same period since the foundation of the city. 117 pressed brick and marble or brown-stone fronts have been constructed on a single square within the past eighteen months.

☞ Louis Napoleon has $15,000,000 invested in England.

☞ The following speech is attributed to a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania: "I know wimmin, Mr. Speaker. I say it in no disrespect. I know um. I have had several. They're a useful class, and—and, yet—yet with the best of 'em you may have trouble."

☞ Alexander H. Stephens writes to a friend at Alleghany Springs, Va., that he is slowly recovering health, and is writing a school history of the United States.

☞ Ole Bull was recently married at Madison, Wisconsin, to Miss Sarah, youngest daughter of Senator Thorpe, of that city. The wife is called of course Mrs. Cow.

☞ Returns of the Vermont election, from 130 towns, show a Republican majority of 13,365. The majority in the whole state is estimated at 22,000.

☞ The cities and towns in Massachusetts voted on the 6th on the licensing question. Among those favoring the licensing of the sale of ale and lager were Cambridge, Lowell, Worcester, Lawrence and Taunton. New Bedford and most of the small towns voted against licensing.

☞ In a bucket of soft water put a half pound of sugar of lead, and a half pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear. Then pour the solution into another bucket, and soak your coat in it for twenty-four hours. This will make it water-proof, so says a writer in the Illustrated Times.

☞ A philosopher says, if you want a pair of boots to last four years, melt and mix four ounces of mutton tallow, apply while warm, place the boots in a closet, and go barefoot.

☞ NEW YORK.—The New York Republican State Convention met at Saratoga. Stewart L. Woodford was nominated for Governor on the third ballot, he receiving 258 votes to 105½ for Horace Greeley, and 20 for George W. Curtis. Dewitt C. Littlejohn was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and Abial W. Palmer for Comptroller. Resolutions were adopted congratulating Germany in her righteous victories, and at the same time sympathizing with the new French Republic; condemning state appropriations for sectarian schools and advising local allowance or prohibition of the sale of liquor.

☞ Wealth obtained in demoralizing ways is supposed to be sanctified by being employed upon benevolent objects.

☞ A brief and simple, but very expressive eulogy was once pronounced by Martin Luther upon a pastor, whose name was Nicholas Hausman. "What we preach," said the great reformer, "he lives."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIVES OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. The Declaration Historically Considered; and a sketch of the Leading Events connected with the Adoption of the Articles of Confederation, and of the Federal Constitution. By B. J. LOSSING, author of "The Field-Book of the Revolution," "History of the War of 1812," etc., etc. Illustrated by Fifty Portraits and Engravings. Published by Evans, Stoddart & Co., Philada. From studying the lives of such men as the Signers of the Declaration of Independence we can learn many lessons of great value to us, and a book like this has an almost universal claim to the public regard. The chief events in their history are here given, and the memoirs are illustrated by copious notes explanatory of events alluded to in the course of the biographical narrative, which, we believe, will be found a highly useful feature of the work. The volume is bound in first-class style, and the type is excellent.

MERRY'S MUSEUM. An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls. For September. Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston.

PUNCHINELLO. Published by the Punchinello Publishing Co., New York.

THE TECHNOLOGIST: Especially devoted to Engineering, Manufacturing, and Building. For September. Published by the Industrial Publication Co., 126 Broadway, New York.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER AND AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. For September. Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. For September. Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

THE LYCEUM: Containing a Complete List of Lecturers, Readers, and Musicians, for the season of 1870-71. Agents: the Boston Lyceum Bureau. Published by Redpath & Fall, Boston.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR. Published by George W. Childs, Philada. A publication interesting to dealers in and buyers of Books.

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST. For September. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. For July. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

BEECHER'S MAGAZINE. For September. Published by J. A. Beecher, Trenton, New Jersey.

THE SCHOOLDAY VISITOR. For September. An Illustrated Magazine for Young People. Published by Daughaday & Becker, Philada.

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES; being a digest of British and Continental Medicine. Edited by William D. Stone, M. D., F. R. C. S. Vol. 41. January to June, 1870. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. For August. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE OLD DOMINION. A Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art. Published by M. W. Hazlewood, Richmond, Virginia.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE. For September. No traveller should be without a copy of this guide. For sale everywhere.

INDIANA. A Love Story. By GEORGE SAND, author of "Consuelo," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," "Fanchon, the Cricket," etc. Translated from the French by George W. Richards. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

GOOD HEALTH. For September. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston. This number contains several valuable papers, as usual.

THE ART REVIEW. An Exponent of Art for the People. Published by E. H. Trafton, No. 115 Madison street, Chicago. An excellent journal. The articles are very well written, and the "Art News" is particularly interesting to all who take pleasure in the advance of American Art. The steel plate accompanying the number is very well executed.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE. The September number contains the usual excellent assortment of articles from the foreign periodicals. "The Counsel of the Vatican," from the British Quarterly Review; "Madame de Maintenon," from St. Paul's; "The Heart of Crete," from the Cornhill Magazine; "The Old Prisons of Paris and their Inmates," from the Dublin University Magazine; Charles Dickens, by Anthony Trollope, from St. Paul's; "Lectures on the Science of Religion," by Max Muller, from Fraser's Magazine; "Prof. Tyndall on Faraday," from the Academy; "Execution of Marshal Ney," from Leisure Hour; Poetry, Literary Notices, Science, Art and Varieties," &c. The engraving for this month is a fine portrait of Moliere, with a biographical sketch by the Editor. Published by E. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton street, New York. $5.00 yearly.

☞ It is a curious fact that of the passengers in the train which met with the late terrible accident in England, all, or very nearly all, who were asleep at the time, escaped uninjured, nature's own theatre insuring them, not only against fractures and contusions, but even against the bad effects of shaking and concussion.

☞ A haystack of five thousand tons ornaments an Illinois farmyard.

☞ The Rev. James Dougherty, of Kingston, N. Y., was insulted a few days since by a newspaper editor having alluded to him in an article as "The Rev. Jim Dougherty." In his explanation the writer states that he told his apprentice to abbreviate the name, and he had made it Jim.

☞ Such a dry summer as the present has not been known up in New Hampshire since John H. Warland edited the Claremont Eagle, some twenty-five years ago, when he said it was so dry that he had to soak his pig to make him hold swill.

☞ The difficulty of obtaining supplies of food must be one of vast and growing importance to both the contending armies. Huddled within a very few square miles, there now nightly lie on their arms a million of French and German soldiers. At the moderate estimate of four pounds of average consumption a head each day—including all needful articles of diet—the enormous quantity of two thousand tons daily is required to feed these gigantic hosts, who consume while they do not produce. In a month this amount swells to sixty thousand tons. If the war continues many weeks this question of food will become as serious and as pregnant of momentous consequences as the question of men and ammunition.

Married Women's Property.

The act just passed by the British Parliament, to amend the law in relation to the property of married women, has some features which secure man's rights as well. By one of its provisions, a man who marries a woman in debt, does not, as heretofore, become liable for her debts, contracted before marriage. It is among the legends of the Fleet Prison, in London, that a dissolute Countess, imprisoned for debt, married the prison barber, and thus changing the debt to her husband, left him in jail, while she walked abroad. This is one of the "rights" of which the new act deprives English ladies. By the new law, a married woman having separate property, becomes liable to the parish for her husband's maintenance, in case he becomes a pauper. This is another loss of "right;" for under the old law a woman could keep her marriage settlement intact, while her husband was supported by the parish. A married woman's separate property is liable to the same claims for her children, as if she were a widow; but her husband, being able, is not by the act released.

On the other hand, the wages and earnings of married women are secured to them, and her receipts alone are a valid discharge to her debtors. Deposits in a savings bank in the woman's name are her separate property. She may effect insurance on her own life, or on that of her husband. Insurance by the husband in his wife's favor is declared a trust for her benefit. A married woman may maintain an action at law, even against her husband. But he has also the same privilege; and if the woman gains a "right" in this case, so does the man. Personal as well as freehold property coming to a married woman by will or inheritance, is her separate property. The act is not retrospective, and its operation does not extend to Scotland.

The Drought in Europe.

The drought throughout England and France during the past season has been very disastrous. The loss in hay and butter to England is estimated at about $4,000 000, and France, in her pressing needs, arising from the war, is much straightened by the scant hay crop. Indeed, the problem of securing sufficient hay for the necessities of the French army is one of increasing importance and very difficult of solution. Although we may not export hay to the relief of the foreign scarcity, our agricultural interest will no doubt find enlarged markets for the various substitutes of grain.

The London Times notices the fact that while the weather has been most favorable for the ingathering of the cereals, the hay harvest was the most complete failure within memory, and already stock are being fed with grain. The grain crops, however, notwithstanding the dry weather, are believed to be generally an average. Wheat is the best; barley is a good crop; beans are remarkably short; oats and peas good. The potato crop will be small.

☞ A modest music dealer was recently nonplussed by a lady as stout as Pasepa Rosa, who inquired—"Have you 'Put Me in My Little Bed?'"

☞ The horses killed in battle are served to the French soldiers as meat rations.

☞ The Chinamen who go to New York, it is said, invariably marry Irish wives.

☞ There is a man living in Calhoun county, Miss., who is supposed to be the strongest man in the state, if not in the entire South. He is 35 years of age, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has been known to carry three bars of railroad iron, when it takes from three to five ordinary men to carry one. He can take a cask containing forty gallons of water and raise it from the ground and drink out of the bung-hole with as much ease as others could out of a common pitcher; and he has frequently taken a barrel of flour under each arm, and balancing a sack of salt on his head, carried them for several hundred yards with apparently little effort. He offers to bet that he can lift thirteen hundred pounds.

☞ Among the various methods for keeping water cool, none is much better or easier than that practised in the East. The water is put into jugs, bottles, or wine coolers which are placed in buckets filled with salt and saltpetre, and then turned rapidly until the water almost reaches the freezing point. If the weather is very hot the buckets are replenished several times a day and the turning process repeated. Thus you can have sparkling cold water with the thermometer at one hundred degrees in the shade, and even when no ice is to be had.

☞ An exchange says, "The compositors of New York printing offices embrace a great many ladies." Most anybody would if he got a chance, still there is no use of blowing around about it in the papers.

☞ A proud and loving Missouri father, in setting forth the accomplishments of his daughter, said she could "everlastingly paw ivory and howl, and could paw a washboard like a mule."

☞ A clergyman in New York only a few days since explained that "science must stop, or religion cannot go on." The Newark Advertiser suggests that *he* stops, and allows some wiser teacher to occupy the pulpit.

☞ "What would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love upon these sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

☞ A blind man in Grafton, Vt., excels as a checker player. He has his own board with sunken places for the checkers, the blacks having round and the whites square holes.

☞ A CENSUS ITEM.—The census marshals note the fact that in towns that have fallen off in population the difference is in the number of young children. Many families have no children, or only one. The causes can be guessed at, and deserve the attention of philanthropists.

☞ POE'S RAVEN.—Paragraphs having recently appeared in several of the papers relative to the authorship of "The Raven," Mr. A. E. Sloan, who has read it in public on many occasions, has taken pains to trace the stories to their reported source. The result of his correspondence proves that the statements are sensational hoaxes. The investigation has confirmed the belief that Edgar A. Poe is the author of the most wonderful poem with which his name is associated.

☞ The students of Yale College average 5 feet 9 inches in height, Tufts 5.8½, Dartmouth 5 8 Brown 5.7, Wesleyan 5 6½, and Amherst 5.6, while Columbia and Cornell come up to 5.10. These Columbia boys must be very lank, however, for they average a weight of 137.

☞ John B. Gough has had eight hundred invitations to lecture this year. A gentleman who has just visited him says he "did not seem to be hankering after many more."

Our Mistakes.

It is a heart-breaking thing to look back on one's own life, and count up the mistakes we have made by following out our own will, perhaps in defiance of friendly advice, perhaps in accordance with flattering counsel. The sorrows that have come to us as it were by the will of God we can submit to with as much or as little patient resignation as we have the grace for; but the sorrows which we have wrought by our own hand—the pitfalls into which we have walked by taking our own way—these are the sore places of memory, which no time can heal and no patience salve over. "I did it by my own act and deed," and "if I had but listened to advice! if I had but taken to pieces that set purpose of mine, what a different life I should have had! what an infinity of trouble I should have been spared!" How many women, think you, are sitting now by the blackened ashes of a burnt-out love, heart-sick and despairing—women for whom there is no to-morrow, no future summer, no rainbow across the dull gray sky of their enduring winter—all for the set purpose of a baseless love, all for the wilful following at the heels of a visionary joy! They were warned, they were counselled, they were besought; but they took no heed. Love, stronger than wisdom, drew them by lines of steel, while this had only ropes of tow; and the set purpose of their lives was as the moth's when it beats its wings into the flame—and with much the same result.

Righteous Judgment.

You often hear some one say, "I judge you by myself, that's righteous judgment." No, my friend, it is likely to be the very most unrighteous judgment in the world. We are sure to be unjust, unfair, unreasonable, the moment we expect of any other precisely what we ourselves should do under similar circumstances.

You are a self-contained person, let us say, and your neighbour is naturally very communicative. He speaks openly of such things as you shrink from even naming; therefore you sneer, "Oh, these shallow, noisy streams. What does *he* know of real feeling?" But he, seeing you silent, and as it seems to him stoical, says in his turn—"Why, the man is like a rock—nothing moves him." And so because repression *belongs* to one nature and expression to the other, you both of you misunderstand each other, and are kept apart by the misunderstanding.

Or you may be a person of moods, or a quick-tempered person, and in your vexed moments you may speak words to your friend, whose different temperament could be roused to anger only by strong provocation, and whose anger would be very long in cooling, which would lead him, judging you by himself, to believe you his enemy for life. "Why," he would reason, "I *couldn't* speak to a person in such a manner unless I hated him—he must hate me," and so the wedge of disunion comes in which will work soon or late entire alienation.

The man who likes to read newspapers thinks in an evidence of frivolous taste that his wife likes novels—the woman who seeks the beautiful in pictures and statuary has a pharisaical contempt for her sister in whom the very same beauty-seeking temperament finds its expression in the love of soft raiment and glittering jewels. If we could only remember not to ask fruit of rose bushes, or flowers in a vegetable garden, but to be satisfied that each should bring forth after its kind, we might grow charitable.

☞ At Auburn, N. Y., each convict in the state prison costs the state for his support but 15½ cents a day. And this shows how cheap a man could live—if he tried.

☞ A woman in Cincinnati raises 48 inches of hair on her head every three years, and then she sells it. Supposing that she lives to be 70 years of age she will raise, allowing her 51 years of the 70 to do this business in, 17 of these crops of hair, amounting in all to 60 feet of the hirsute adornment.

☞ The war has been carried into Africa, Oko Jumbo has gone on an expedition against Ja. Ja.

☞ Whatever may be justly said against war, says a recent writer, no one can deny that a manly death in the service of a national cause is a great testimony to the disinterestedness and nobility of human nature, and of its superiority to selfish fears.

☞ A New York paper opposed the nomination of Horace Greeley for Governor, because that gentleman "would not look well on horseback at the head of a military staff at a brigade review."

☞ The New York Express tells of a physician in Maine who contracted the habit of chewing tobacco forty years ago. He has at various times abstained from its use entirely, from two to six months at a time, but in every instance he has been driven back to the weed by unmistakable indications of decay of the chest, which usually pass off in a week or two after the resumption of the habit. Not everybody however has so good a reason for using tobacco.

☞ Mayaville has procured an iron cage and set it up on her Court-House steps. She is now ready to exhibit any of her young men who will occasionally insist upon going wild. This is a piece of police strategy which has been tried at several points in Kentucky with marked effect.

☞ The Florida mosquitoes, blown over, for the first time, this season, and in swarms, too, to the English coast, were taken, in that country, for a new species of snipe.

☞ There are eight or nine pin factories in Connecticut. One of them turns out 6 000,000 of pins per day, or 2,191,000,000 per year. If the others make an equal number, the annual product of the article in that State, is 10,710,000,000. More remote than ever appears the answer to the query:—"What becomes of all the pins manufactured?"

☞ A New England spinster, who went out to Nevada, about a year ago, writes home that she has already "a husband and a pair of twins, and hasn't really got acquainted yet."

☞ The first shot fired upon Saarbruck was by the Prince Imperial. The Prussians have therefore christened the hill where the contest raged, "Lulu-berg," Lulu being the *soubriquet* he is known by.

☞ The Atlanta Era says, that "our young men hold unsettled opinions on the subject of religion, and none at all respecting literary questions; but when you come to black dress coats, cravats, and walking canes, you will find their views on these vital matters fixed with all the rigid tenacity of grim death itself."

☞ A Western paper says that a farmer cut his throat on account of the severe and protracted drouth, and that they buried him in a pelting rain-storm, which lasted twenty-four hours.

☞ A gang of swindlers is operating very successfully in the interior of Ohio in a very extraordinary way. One of the three composing the gang drives to a town and makes anxious inquiries if two men, whom he describes, have been seen. They have not. He then proceeds to dispose of the horse and buggy he has for a horse of much less value. He then hastens off with his horse, and soon after the other two appear. They inquire earnestly for No. 1, describing him, and learn that he has just traded a horse and buggy for a horse. They desire to see the horse and buggy, and immediately recognise the property as theirs—which, being delivered to them, they afterward re-deliver to their confederates, and so the swindle goes on from town to town.

☞ The Red River Expedition reached Fort Garry on August 24, and took possession of the place. Donald Smith, who accompanied the expedition, has taken possession of the Hudson Bay Company's property. It is stated that private parties have applied for warrants against members of the late provisional government.

☞ The recent fire in Canada travelled across the fields in some cases at the rate of a mile in five minutes.

☞ It is mentioned as a most curious fact, that Baron Von Moltke, in his long life of war, has never commanded a regiment in the field.

☞ In 1852 Minnesota imported wheat for home consumption. This year the area sown was one million acres, and the crop fifteen million bushels.

☞ A correspondent at Madrid writes that a committee of Republicans called on Prim, and demanded that Spain make common cause with France, and declare a Republic. Prim refused, and is taking measures against the Republican movement. He has at Madrid sixty pieces of artillery and 24,000 men.

☞ It is related, that at the battle of Wurth, an officer of cuirassiers had his head carried off by a ball. Notwithstanding the body remained upright for a short time, and for about one hundred metres the decapitated horseman appeared as if he was charging the enemy.

☞ A contemporary describes the "Topographical corps" as one that goes to the field to draw anything that may be necessary, excepting the sword.

☞ A Paris correspondent of one of the London papers has adopted an ingenious dodge to keep himself out of trouble. He carries about his person a paper on which is pasted his photograph, with the following certificate from the War Office written beneath:—"This is to certify that M——, (whose likeness appears above,) is well known to the writer, and is not a Prussian spy."

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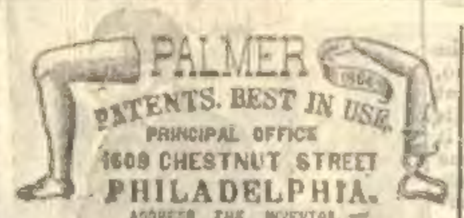

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Relic.

Old Joe Wattles was a survivor of the Revolution. At least, Joe always said so, and no one ever thought of disputing what Joe said. The stories he used to tell of his own exploits were truly wonderful, and it seems strange to me at this distance of time that he never got into Congress, or the biographical dictionary, or had himself canonized, all of which, I suppose, mean about the same thing. Joe had an old gun which he considered a sacred relic. It went through the Revolution with him, was in all his battles, was at his shoulder by day and by his side at night, till Joe and the old gun had become one and inseparable, in war and in peace, and bid fair so to continue through the remainder of Joe's mortal life. Whenever there was a muster, a town meeting, a cattle-show, a political convention, or an indignation meeting, Joe was sure to be there, and the old gun was on exhibition. He could always raise a crowd, who would listen to his yarn, with eyes and ears and mouth wide open to catch the last syllable of Joe's wisdom. Indeed, I have the impression that some corner of every training-field or other public ground was always set apart by the authorities for Joe and his crowd. On one occasion Joe waxed eloquent. He was the hero of a thousand fights. The old Don's charge on the windmill was nothing in comparison, and the old gun went up in the market one hundred per cent. But every thing earthly has an end. When Joe made a full stop from mere exhaustion, Sam Pickles, a wicked-looking chap, who had elbowed to the front of the crowd, desired to make a few remarks. Sam said he had heard a good deal about that old gun, and he had no doubt it had been in perils by day and by night, by land and by sea. It was an ugly-looking piece, and evidently meant mischief. But it seemed to Sam that the stock did not look quite old enough to have seen much of the Revolution.

"Well, well," says Joe, "the fact is, the old stock got badly worn, and we had a new one made."

But Sam thought that, somehow, it rather appeared to him that the barrel seemed rather new for so old a gun.

"Never mind," said Joe, a little riled; "we've had a new barrel, the old one got so bad off."

But Sam thought that the lock—

"Oh, never you mind about the lock," said Joe; "that's new, too, but you needn't make so much fuss about so small a matter. The fact is, there's nothing left of the real old gun except the touch-hole!"

Overdoing "Gertrude."

Up in Wilkesbarre, the people believe in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," with the same kind of faith which other people have in Moses, and Noah, and Gen. Washington. Every female child that has been born in the town for fifty years has been named Gertrude, and if you go to a sewing-society and call out "Gerty!" fifty women will immediately lay down their work and frisk over to the door. Ministers never inquire the name when they are called upon to baptize a girl-baby. They slash on the water and say "Gertrude" as a matter of course. The editors of papers published there keep the poem standing on the galleys, and print it regularly every Saturday, and on Fourth of July and Christmas. Paragraphs of it are arranged to long metre tunes in the hymn-books used in the churches, and over fifty tons of jewelry made out of Gerty's hair are sold in the town every year. It is suicidal to doubt whether such a woman ever existed. One man was brained on the spot, last April, because he said he didn't believe any woman ever had more than one skull, and he had seen six, all of which were attributed to Gertrude, since he entered the valley. All the oldest inhabitants say they recollect distinctly seeing her going out with a slop-bucket to the pig-pen every morning, singing "Beautiful Dreamer," and any one of them will show you the identical pig that she petted. She was buried in forty-six different cemeteries, if the people of the valley are to be believed. We are so glad that she died in the last century, when funerals were not so expensive as they are now?—*Sunday Dispatch.*

A Conditional Reconciliation.

"My dear Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Brown, "come near to my bedside; I am dying, and I wish to say a few words to you."

"Yes, marm," sighed Mrs. Jones. "Well, Mrs. Jones," ejaculated Mrs. Brown, "you and I have had a good many tiffs in our day, and now I part with you in peace; can you forgive me?" "Yes, marm," sobbed Mrs. Jones; "indeed, indeed I can!" "Am I forgiven?" ejaculated Mrs. Brown. "Yes, marm," responded Mrs. Jones, with difficulty, in consequence of the intensity of her anguish; and then she attempted to weep her way out of the dying woman's room. "Stop a moment, my dear Mrs. Jones," said the expiring Brown; "I've another word to say. I wish to have it understood that if I get well everything goes back, and we stand on the same old ground."

A Compliment.

The Bishop preached.

The congregation subsequently requested his Lordship to publish his sermon.

His Lordship was delighted.

"And so," said he, with joocose affability to the Senior Churchwarden, "the people were very much pleased? Eh?"

"Well, you see, your Lordship," replied the official, "our folks *would* like to know summat about it; and—"

"Ah!" interposed the Bishop, complacently, "I see they'd like to read it at home."

"Well, your Lordship, that's just what they *would* like; 'cos—" (here he paused, and then added, confidentially) "it wor very hot weather, you see, and so—when your Lordship wor preachin' *they were all asleep!*"
—*London Punch.*

An Extra Charge.

A clergyman in a certain town in Massachusetts, having occasion to call in the services of a brother minister, tendered to him at the close of the day the usual fee for preaching, which, in those days (it was before the war), was ten dollars. Such a sum for such work was then thought good pay. But on this occasion the man seemed slow to take it, and finally said, while putting it in his pocket-book—

"I talked to the Sunday-school nearly half an hour; and, besides, I had some conversation with an impenitent sinner on the steps of the church, and I thought *fifty cents more would be about right.*"

The extra charge seemed reasonable, even before the war, when half a dollar had some "purchase" to it, and was readily paid.

IGNORANT TOURISTS.

LANDLORD (in a village where they take no papers, and are behind the times generally)—"Ice! gentlemen? There ain't no ice in summer time. But it's easy to see you are gents from the city, as don't know much about Nature, and I don't blame you for it, in course. But, ice in August!" [*Exit, sniggering.*

A Ceremonious Judge.

Judge K——, of North Carolina, is a great stickler for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The Judge told him to hold up his right hand.

"Can't do it, sir," said the man.

"Why not?"

"Got a shot in that arm, sir."

"Then hold up your left."

The man said that he had got a shot in that arm too."

"Then," said the Judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this court by law unless he holds up something."

DEVOTION TO BUSINESS.—Speaking of the American's devotion to business, we have this:—

A New York merchant who for six years had left his home at 6 A. M., not returning until 8 P. M., after his children were in bed, was aroused on a Sunday afternoon, from a nap on the sofa, by the voice of a child crying out, "Ma, ma! quick! there's a *man* in the dining-room!"

Didn't know its own father!

A SQUARE.—A story is told of a Cambridge professor in England, who was asked to call on a friend in London, an address being given in a certain square. Some time afterward the professor was asked by his friend why he had not been to see him, and his answer was—

"I did come, but there was some mistake. You told me you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram, and so I went away again."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—At a concert in Boston, not many years ago, the leader became incensed at one of the orchestra, shouting "*Louder, Louder!*" to him, until the poor player could stand it no longer. He dropped his instrument, and turned to the audience, saying: "It's all very well to say '*louder, louder,*' but *vere is so vind to come from?*"

Praying for Rain.

The long drought of this summer, says the Congregationalist, recalls some of the quaint, and, as we should think in these days, over-familiar expressions of our fathers when praying for rain.

In 1831, a genial company were travelling in a stage coach from Albany to Niagara Falls. Rev. Jedediagh Morse, Hon. Edward Everett, Colonel T. H. Perkins, and Chandler Starr, Esq., with Mrs. Starr, made up the party. The dry weather of that season called from Mr. Morse the following anecdote:—

A Cape Cod Clergyman one Sabbath had prayed most earnestly for rain. He entreated the Lord to "uncork the bottles of Heaven and send down the refreshing showers." The drought had lasted through August and a part of September; Tuesday morning the fine storm began, and continued with great violence till Friday, flooding the country and sweeping off bridges in all directions. Saturday night it set in to rain again, and Sabbath morning it was still pouring down. This time the prayer was as follows: "O Lord, we recently took occasion to entreat Thee to uncork the bottles of Heaven and send down the refreshing showers, but we *did not mean that the corks should be thrown away.*" Mr. Starr followed with a story of "Parson Howe," of Milton, Conn. On a similar occasion, if not during the same drought, he petitioned for relief in these words, "O Lord, we want rain very much. The rye is suffering prodigiously. Of corn, we shall not have half a crop. As for the potatoes, it is all up with them; and there's that grass of Deacon Comstock's, it is as red as a fox's tail."

The Name of Farragut.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post says: "The late Admiral Farragut told me that his name was a corruption of Ferrocuto, an old Majorca nobility name. He found a Countess Ferrocuto in Paris, who treated him as a cousin."

Farragut, or Ferracuto (sharp-sword) or, as Ariosto calls him, Ferrau, was one of the heroes of mediæval romance, figuring with "Roland brave and Olivier, and, like them, changing his name with the language or dialect in which it was celebrated.

He was, in story, a Saracen knight, and among his other exploits he fought with Rinaldo for the fair Angelica, who escaped from both while they were fighting, and, after losing his helmet and vowing that he would thereafterwards wear none but Orlando's (or Roland's own,) he accidentally found that morion in the woods and lost his life in the endeavor to keep it against its owner.

NOT PARTED.

They are not parted, though their feet
Have wandered far in different ways;
And though they nevermore may meet
On winter eves or summer days;
It matters not though realms divide,
Though boundless seas between them roll.
For still, defying wind and tide,
Heart yearns to heart, and soul to soul.

They are not parted—only those
Are parted whom no love unites;
Their absence breaks not our repose,
Who have no share in our delights;
They may be by our side, and still
As far from us as pole from pole,
Who lack the sympathetic thrill
Of heart to heart, and soul to soul.

The Brave and the Fair.

The following interesting narrative, which appeared in a letter from Saarbruck, was written by the London Daily News correspondent the day before the French occupied that town:—"A young and thriving merchant of Saarlouis was to have been married at Saarlouis to a young lady from Schleis on the 16th of July. On that morning came the telegraphic order of mobilization. The train carried off the bridegroom a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the marriage. He, like thousands of other men of an equally good position in life, took his place as a private in his regiment—the 40th Hohenzollerns—and cheerfully arranged with his bride that the marriage should take place as soon as his battalion reached Saarbruck. He would then go off to the war and she would return, as his wife, to her home. The bride came yesterday with her brother to Saarbruck. I had the pleasure of walking up with them this afternoon to watch the battalion in which the bridegroom was to appear pass from the highroad into the bivouac-field. The bridegroom, who was there in the thick of the helmeted stream, ran from the ranks, and kissed his bride with German fervor. The men marching past looked at them with sympathetic admiration, but with no sign of wonder, much less of coarse derision. Then the bridegroom ran on to the place he had left, and the bride went to an officer and begged a few hours leave for her bridegroom, that they might be married. The officer, of course, was only too glad to listen to such a request from the lips of such an applicant, and escorted the bride to the colonel of the regiment, from whom leave had to be obtained. We saw the bride with dark eyes more expressive than ever, and a shadow of apprehension over her broad forehead—not too German for perfect beauty—repeating her request to the colonel and winning from his lips of discipline the gentlest answer. The bridegroom was sent off on leave till mid-day to-morrow. The marriage will be a few hours earlier. I do not think that any Englishman could have witnessed the scene without the thought crossing him that it implied such a society in the army and such a noble simplicity of life as we in England have not yet learnt even to aspire to. How extraordinary, how *outre*, would it seem in England if we were told that a gentleman serving as a private in the army ran from the ranks and kissed his bride, and that then the bride went up before half the regiment to the officers and made the request which I have recorded! And what would be the behaviour of the men who saw it take place? If it excited admiration it would be for the singularity and novelty of the thing; in Germany it was perfectly natural, and I mention it not because it was singular, but the reverse; because it caused no surprise and no embarrassment to any one; because it shows what is the tone of the German army in which men of all ranks serve side by side, and how simple and natural society is in comparison to everything that we are accustomed to in England. To assure you this is no romance I give, with the approbation of the bride and bridegroom, the names of both. The bride is Fraulein Angelica Hennig, born in Schleiz, in Central Germany; the bridegroom, Herr August Britz, born in Saarlouis."

☞ HOW TO LEARN.—Never forget what a man has said to you when he was angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. A person has often been startled from a pleasant dream of self-deception by the words of an angry man, who may wish his words unsaid the next hour, but they are past recall. The wisest course is to take home this lesson, with meekness, to our souls. It was a saying of Socrates, that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise, and the other to show him his faults.

☞ The whole town of St. Cloud, Minn., recently turned out to hunt the only rat ever seen north of Minneapolis.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Carriage Horse.

The typical carriage-horse was well shown by John Leech, in some of his drawings for "Punch." Its most important condition is a large infusion of thorough blood. Such an animal is rather lean than fat; tall, muscular, and active. Its coat is thin and glossy; its mane and tail not too abundant, the hair being straight or slightly waving, and of the texture of silk. The pastern-joints, instead of carrying a cart-horse's tufts that require constant clipping, are naturally clean and smooth. The hoofs are large and well formed, and neither too flat nor too steep, though this is a point over which breeding has perhaps less control than over any other, indicating that it has received less attention than more conspicuous features. The legs of such an animal are short below the knees and hocks, are broad, as viewed from the side, and thin, as seen from the front or rear. The knee and hock joints themselves are large and bony, and free from puffs and bony excrescences. The legs above these joints are long, the longer the better; and the various muscles and sinews are clearly defined under the soft skin. The shoulders are very sloping, and the withers rise well into the hollow of the saddle. The back is short from the withers to the top of the hip, and long from here to the root of the tail, which is set on level with the spine, and naturally carried well up when the animal is in motion. The neck is long and muscular, but by no means thick or fat, and its crest is high and thin. In its natural position, without the help of the check-rein, it should be nearly if not quite level for eight or ten inches back from the ears. The ears themselves are long, thin, and active; the head small and not Roman-nosed; the eyes prominent and the nostrils large. A pair of such horses standing from 15½ to 16 hands high, reasonably young, free from important defects, and well broken, could probably be readily sold for $10,000. (?) If they were as plenty as they might be, they would still bring a fourth of that price. Such horses need no check-reins to keep their heads in position. The conformation of the shoulders, neck and crest secures this. Such a horse's head is perfectly and evenly balanced in a position that we cannot hope to attain by any amount of checking and martingaling with the ordinary carriage-horses of the day. Every movement that such a horse takes is graceful and strong; his whole appearance indicates intelligence and nervous vigor. He cannot be ungraceful and he cannot be dull. He may or may not be fast. For carriage use this is of minor consequence. What is wanted first of all, is style, and a stylish action in moving heavy loads, which only great natural strength and vigor can make possible.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

To Raise Giant Asparagus.

A writer in one of the early volumes of the Horticulturist (Mr. Downing, we believe) tells how to grow common asparagus, so that it will always rival any giant production. He says: "Every one who has seen my beds has begged me for the seed, thinking it a new sort, but I have pointed to the manure heap, the farmer's best bank, and told them the secret all lay there. The seed was only such as might be had in every garden. About the 1st of November, as soon as the frost has well blackened the asparagus tops, I take a scythe and mow all close down to the surface of the bed; let it lie a day or two, then set fire to the heap of stalks; burn it to ashes, and spread the ashes, over the bed. I then go to my barnyard; I take a load of clean, fresh stable manure, and add thereto half a bushel of hen dung, turning over and mixing the whole together throughout. This makes a pretty powerful compost. I apply one such load to every twenty feet in length of my asparagus beds, which are six feet wide. With a strong three-pronged spud or fork I dig this dressing under. The whole is now left for the winter.

"In the spring, as early as possible, I turn the top of the bed over lightly once more. Now, as the asparagus grows naturally on the side of the ocean, and loves salt water, I give it an annual supply of its favorite condiment. I cover the surface of the bed about a quarter of an inch thick with fine packing salt: it is not too much. As the spring rains come down, it gradually dissolves. Not a weed will appear during the whole season. Everything else, pigweed, chick-weed, purslane, all refuse to grow on the top of my briny asparagus beds. But it would do your eyes good to see the strong, stout, tender stalks of the vegetable itself, pushing through the surface early in the season. I do not at all stretch a point when I say that they are often as large round as my hoe handle, and as tender and succulent as any I ever tasted. The same round of treatment is given to my bed every year."

Water for Animals.

For humanity's sake see well to the watering places for cattle, for in many small ponds a master cow will take her fill, and then stand up to her knees and hocks for hours, preventing the greater part of the herd from drinking, and in shallow streams, running but a short distance in a field, much injury may occur because many of the weaker cattle cannot take their turn to drink till the water is made muddy. Doubtless if the origin of many diseases could be traced, they would be found to run back to the injury sustained by the constitution in suffering for want of water in hot and dry weather.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Ramie Plant.

Some of the planters in the South are not pleased with the Ramie plant. A southern planter writes that he has had some experience with Ramie, and has watched others who have had more, and he has several friends who would be glad to sell all the Ramie roots they have got, "and the probability is they would be glad to pay somebody to get the 'darned things' out of the ground." He says it is true that "after the second year weeds are not much trouble," and adds: "Where it once gets a good 'grip' on a piece of land that will be trouble enough for any planter who tries it as a 'spirited experimenter.' I don't know a man who has got Ramie roots who wouldn't be glad to sell them.

☞ The new $500 legal tender notes are to bear a vignette of John Quincy Adams.

☞ The English is said to be one of the most difficult languages for a foreigner to learn. Recently a foreign lady went to see a fine boy baby, and in endeavoring to express her admiration said—"Oh my, what a nice fat babee! How fat she is, don't he?"

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 5, is a preposition.
My 2, 17, 9, is an active little insect.
My 3, 11, 8, 13, is not far off.
My 4, 16, 18, is an animal.
My 5, 13, is a pronoun.
My 6, 11, 12, denotes affirmation.
My 7, 3, 17, is useful in hoe weather.
My 8, 3, 4, is a conjunction.
My 9, 10, 15, 14, 18, is an adverb.
My 10, 13, 1, 12, is an appendage of the skin.
My 11, 18, 9, is what all living creatures do.
My 12, 1, 4, 15, is what boys like to do.
My 15, 14, 9, is cunning, skill.
My 14, 6, 18, is a kind of grain.
My 15, 12, 18, is an adverb.
My 16, 3, 11, is a number.
My 17, 16, 8, 19, is a man's name.
My 18, 1, 9, 10, 15, 12, is an adjective.

My whole is a verse from the New Testament. PHILIP.

Honeytown, Ind.

Double Rebus.

An adage.
A term in Geometry.
An adjective.
A country in Asia.
A city in Asia Minor.
A river in Bohemia.
A chain of mountains in the state of New York.

My initials form the name of a first-class European power, and my finale that of its Prime Minister. ALECK.

Diophantine Problem.

Find three positive integral numbers, the product of any two of which, when diminished by unity, shall be a square.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Five years ago Henry invested some money in a profitable business, which yielded unto him yearly one-third of its stock profit; but of which gained profit he yearly spent a certain sum. The remainder of that increase, together with the former stock, he yearly invested again in the same business as a new stock, and with the same ratio of increase, spending the same, and proceeding. Now at the end of said 5 years it is found that he now has $1,897.83 less than if he had spent nothing of this his yearly increase. The question is, what was the original capital?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is it that nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose? Ans.—A lawsuit.

☞ Why is a Chinaman with a twisted tail, like the ghost in Hamlet? Ans.—Because he could a tail unfold.

☞ What musical instrument invites you to fish? Ans.—Castanet.

☞ What trees flourish best upon the hearth? Ans.—Ashes.

☞ *Why is a dog* biting his tail like a good *manager?* Ans.—Because he makes both ends meet.

☞ Why must the spring time be a painful time of year to the sky-lark? Ans.—Because the poets say it makes the poor bird *soar.*

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." ENIGMA—One cup of milk, one of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four of eggs. CHARADE—(Tea,) (cup.) Teacup.

RECEIPTS.

CANNING PEACHES.—The plan of preserving fruits by simply excluding the air, has become so universal, and the process so well understood by most people, that a word in regard to the *modus operandi* seems almost superfluous. However, as the season for canning that most delicious of all fruits, the peach, will soon be upon us, we venture a few suggestions that may perhaps add to the pleasure and lighten the labor of some. Now tin cans are not objectionable for canning peaches, especially if sugar is added in sufficient quantity to render them ready for the table. Fruit is never so good kept in tin cans that have been used more than one season. Hence we prefer glass cans, which, by exercising care in canning and storing, we have always found to be the cheapest in the long run.

The Little Hero is our favorite glass can; though a can that would preserve the fruit free from contact with any metalic substance would be preferable. We understand that such cans are in the market now, made similar to the Little Hero, with a *glass* cap, instead of a metalic one, that screws down on a rubber band, making it air tight. By observing the following rules we have never lost a can by putting into them hot fruit. First, clean the cans thoroughly and place them side down in a boiler containing cold water enough to cover them, put it on the stove and allow it to boil. When the fruit is ready, take them out one at a time, set them on a folded wet towel on the table or in a pan of hot water, and fill them immediately.

In selecting peaches for canning care should be taken to select those that are firm, for the reason that they are much finer flavored, and are more easily and nicely prepared than soft ones. We prefer good solid clings, and, if we have plenty of cans, we preserve them whole, for the sake of the fine flavor that the seed imparts. If, however, it is necessary to economise space, we cut them off and throw a few seeds in each can. We always remove the skin preparatory to canning, by means of strong ley, instead of a knife; take a pot of strong ley made from wood ashes, or, what is more convenient, concentrated ley, heat it nearly to boiling, drop as many peaches into it as you can stir about well, let them remain a minute or two, or until the skin begins to slip, then dip them out into a bucket or tub of clean cold water and rub them with the hands. The skin may be removed in this way without the least injury to the fruit, in fact, the natural delicate blush of the peach is not even destroyed by the process. Fruit should be cooked thoroughly done before being canned, though not boiled to pieces.